

SOUTHERLY

VOLUME FIVE

NUMBER TWO

SEPTEMBER, 1944

MACCALLUM MEMORIAL NUMBER

EDITED BY


EMERITUS PROFESSOR E. R. HOLME, O.B.E., M.A.

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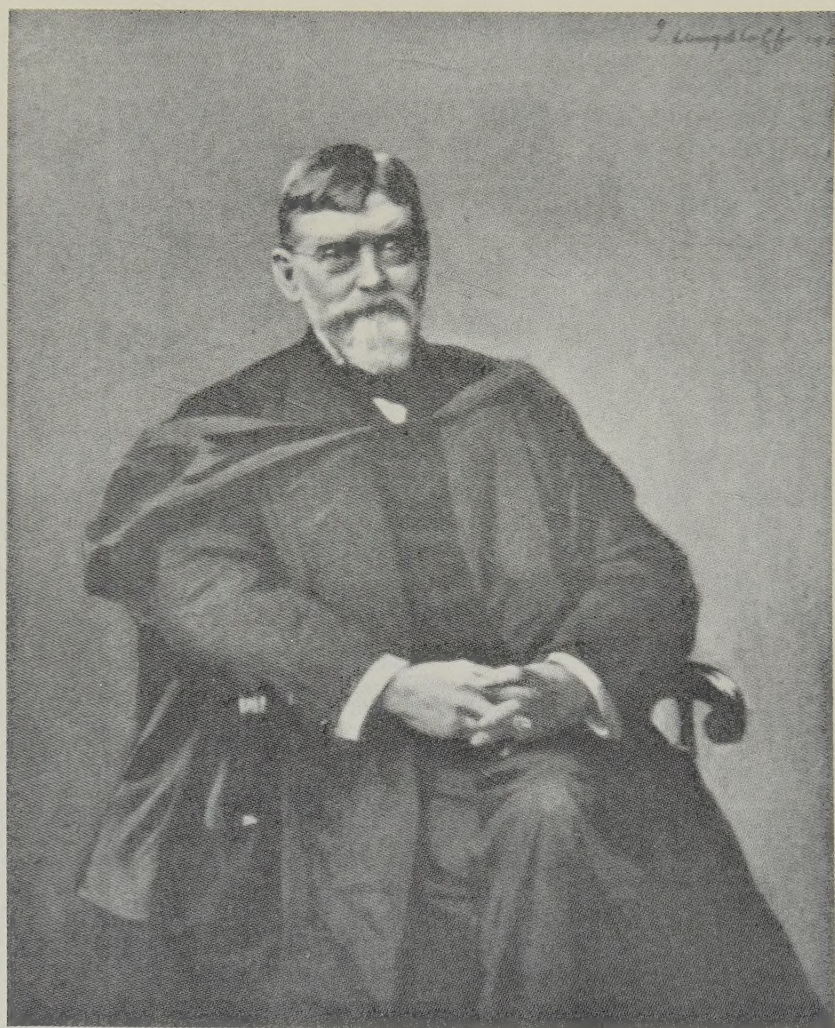
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PROFESSOR M. W. MACCALLUM.
From the oil-painting by John Longstaff.
1911.

A RECORD OF SYDNEY UNIVERSITY PROFESSORIAL BOARD

[Sir Mungo MacCallum died on September 3, 1942, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.]

At a meeting of the Professorial Board held on Monday, 21st September, the following motion, proposed from the Chair, was passed:

The members of the Professorial Board put on record their respect and honour for the memory of their colleague Sir Mungo MacCallum, and their sympathy with Lady MacCallum and her family.

Speaking, at the request of the Chairman, on behalf of the Board, Professor Todd seconded the motion in the words printed below, which have been incorporated in the records of the Board:

Of all memories preserved or to be preserved in this University, none is, or ever will be, more worthy of respect and honour than that of Sir Mungo MacCallum. Those members of the Board who were associated with him, some of them for many years, as pupil or colleague or friend, will wish to add to the record of respect and honour a tribute of gratitude and deep affection.

MacCallum's life was coextensive with that of the University itself, whose first students were still undergraduates when he was born. He came to us not in quest of personal advancement nor as one who lacked recognition or opportunity in his own country, but with the earnest desire to contribute whatever lay in his power to the cultural development of a distant Colony whose recently proved loyalty to the Motherland had excited his admiration, and of an institution whose motto *Sidere mens eadem mutato* was of good augury. First of the Challis Professors, he arrived as harbinger of that new age in which the University, more amply endowed, earned and attained a worth and status comparable with those of all but the oldest of British Universities. In all, he served Sydney University for fifty years, from his first occupation of the Chair of Modern Literature in 1887 to his retirement from the Chancellorship in 1936. Of this Board he was a member for fifty-six years.

Sir Mungo MacCallum was a scholar equipped with a learning of a width and depth and variety which can rarely have been excelled since the days of Bacon, when a man might, without arrogance or folly, "take all knowledge for his province". In his specialty of English Literature, he took rank with the most distinguished scholars of his time, both as investigator and as exponent. The many generations of his students, none of them any longer young, remember him

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with admiration and gratitude as a great teacher, a master of form as well as substance, who without tricks of rhetoric delighted the ear, stimulated the intelligence, and inspired even the dullest with the desire to learn. Those students who had not in them the makings of scholars, were nevertheless enriched by contact with a great and lovable personality.

Those of our number who, by reason of age or difference of studies, did not know MacCallum as scholar or teacher, knew and valued him as an administrator and counsellor with a record of notable and beneficent service which can scarcely have been equalled in any University by a man whose prime activity has been in the fields of learning and teaching. For thirty-eight years continuously he was a Fellow of the Senate. Excepting only the Chairmanship of this Board, he held in turn all the highest administrative offices tenable in the University: the Deanship of his Faculty, the Faculty of Arts, for more than twenty years; the first Vice-Chancellorship under the new order; the Deputy-Chancellorship; and finally, an honour unique for one who has been a member of the Professorial Staff, the Chancellorship itself. In all these offices, with the pen or the spoken word and with equal mastery of both instruments, he fulfilled, as representative of the whole academic body, those high purposes which had sent him, so long before, to the aid of this still undeveloped land.

We mourn the death of a colleague who served our country well, a man no less good than great, one who earned an assured place among the makers of the University of Sydney, one who brought honour to our order, a benefactor of ourselves and of all who shall come after us.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THIS MEMORIAL NUMBER

By EMERITUS PROFESSOR E. R. HOLME, O.B.E., M.A.

This number of *Southerly* appears as near as possible to September 3rd, 1944, the second anniversary of the death of Sir Mungo MacCallum, Life President of the Australian English Association. It begins with "Memories of MacCallum" contributed by Professor J. T. Wilson, F.R.S., his almost lifelong friend, now an Emeritus Professor of both Sydney and Cambridge. Nearly all, therefore, is the work of Sir Mungo MacCallum himself. What Professor Wilson wrote is the substance of an authoritative memoir for the period that it covers. It was intended for a more general biographical use, but should not be withheld from the earliest opportunity of publication. The difficulties of publishing a book that would adequately represent MacCallum's best work as literary scholar and critic, or his best work as an exponent through public lectures and addresses of his ideas on literature and national and individual life, have made it impossible to produce anything worthily under wartime conditions, and even to collect the materials for a full biographical record. He himself was not concerned to preserve and arrange his writings in quantity and quality that he approved for use by a biographer or editor. What shall be done to give him due place in the history of Australia's senior University and in the social and cultural history of Australia must be left for the future and a world at peace once more.

For the present, with the help of Professor Wilson, and by the piety of MacCallum's Branch of the English Association, this selection from his extant writings is offered not only to professed students of literature, but also to any who knew and admired him for his work, public and academic, and to all others who seek pleasure in reading. The contents of this number of *Southerly* have been chosen with those kinds of reader in view. They include a version, called "Priest Amis", of a thirteenth century German "Schwank" or funny story in verse which has been given a delightfully direct rendering into English prose, of a simple old-fashioned air that accommodates it happily to a modern taste. This was a jest of the author's early days when he was a specialist in mediaeval Germanic language and literature. It was published in a now long-forgotten form before he came to Australia nearly sixty years ago. Two of the chosen pieces represent him in his more mature life. The first is the article called "An Afternoon with George Meredith", which he wrote for the entertainment of his Sydney University students and which appeared in one of the University magazines no longer existing. It is as amusing and instructive for

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what it implies as for what it cunningly describes. The other came later still and out of his long and profound study of everything that was Shakespeare. It constitutes one part of an unpublished discourse named "The Making of the *Tempest*" and deals with that remarkable island upon which the scene is laid and for which Kipling imagined one remarkable authority.

A little collection made by Sir Mungo MacCallum himself consisted of what he called *Nugae Procaces*—he was ever a lover of Latin—as who should say "cheeky trifles". It contains that Schwank, and from it another piece has been taken, also printed under his own title, "Inadmissible Publications". It depicts Shakespeare before the censorship. Its humour will be appreciated not only by censors but even by those who know nothing directly of the homely, slighted censor's trade, or miss the subtlety of some Elizabethan tints. A last and most serious choice is from his public discourses, among which that delivered before the University and its guests on the occasion of its Jubilee in 1902 seems most appropriate to the present time and the situation of the University as it approaches its centenary.

There is also a collection of his verse made by Sir Mungo himself, but more difficult to choose from because it affords no evidence of its having been meant for a public use. It is being used now because two pieces seem indispensable for a first publication of what he has left. There is record that he came to Australia from a career in Britain that promised high success there in order to bear some part in the making of the British Empire overseas. The poem "On the Way to Australia" refers to his journey back from a period of leave spent abroad and, in the end, spoilt by the outbreak of the first World War. In it he shows the same devotion to the Imperial Idea as he had on his first journey to Australia, but the idea is given a more limited emblem, that of the British Navy. It is fitting that the faith he showed then should be remembered now when for the second time it is being justified against an overwhelming threat of destruction. The other poem, "The Eternal Postulate", has been placed last because it may have been a composition of his latest years. At any rate, it is true to them and to the belief in which he developed and ended his life. The form is that of three sonnets, and the motive comes from a passage translated from the philosopher Kant.

When all has been read the biographical prelude will surely come to mind again, for it has in it what only so good a judge and so great a nature could comprehend, the mind and spirit of a MacCallum, and it really does convey an idea of their value to his own time. The

University of Sydney was a small institution when those two friends began to give their lives to its service. Its destined greatness was attained within their mortal span. The survivor speaks, irrespective of himself, really for more than the one man. His voice is the voice of half a century of work to a common end, the creation of a true University, by men of genius for their task. These 'two or three' gathered by Providence, for a high purpose in a new country could speak for one another as nobody else ever may for any of them. All are gone but Wilson. Here he speaks and his voice blends with that of MacCallum. It can be so heard by those who knew the others and will know it to be an honour to them all.

MEMORIES OF MACCALLUM

By EMERITUS PROFESSOR J. T. WILSON, F.R.S.

It is now just fifty-five years since I first met Professor MacCallum, thus beginning a friendship which I have never ceased to treasure as one of the outstanding influences of my life. Our first meeting was on board the R.M.S. *Orient*, both of us bound for Australia for the first time to take up academic appointments in the still comparatively youthful University of Sydney.

We were both young men; I his junior by some seven years, but by comparison raw and inexperienced. Yet we were immediately drawn to one another, in the first place, I suppose, as "Brither Scots", and also by our prospective careers as teachers in the same University, then in the early years of the second generation of its history.

I only joined the steamer at Naples as I had crossed the continent by land, and it was in the dining saloon that I found myself placed at the doctor's table, on his left, and facing Professor and Mrs. MacCallum on his right. The Doctor proved to be Dr. James Struthers, a son of the former distinguished Professor of Anatomy in Aberdeen, Sir John Struthers. The Doctor himself was a young man of attractive appearance and of brilliant social gifts, and our association with his genial personality remains as a pleasant memory of an agreeable if uneventful voyage. A lengthy sea voyage affords ample opportunities for the quick growth of friendship and intimacy. No more delightful travelling companions than Professor and Mrs. MacCallum could well be imagined and I can never be too grateful for the opportunity which thus came my way.

The two MacCallum children, "Tibbie" and Mungo—then known simply as "Boy"—turned out to be a fascinating pair of fellow-passengers. Then and in years to come it was a joy to watch their remarkable development as their budding personalities and uncommon gifts of mind and soul unfolded themselves in the spiritual atmosphere of an exceptionally fine family cultus. It became my privilege during those earlier years of association, both as friend and for a period as medical adviser, to share not infrequently in this vivid family life, with almost reverential admiration.

Although the pathways of our respective professional interests were widely separate, MacCallum and I very soon discovered common interests and affinities beyond those of our Scottish origin and upbringing and general academic interest. It is true that I was only capable of an outsider's appreciation of MacCallum's scholarly interest and high attainments as a student of modern literature. I could only

enter the outer courts of the temples of his literary gods. But even there I humbly learnt and absorbed something at least of his spirit of devotion. But we came closer together in our common interest in the problems of philosophy. Of these I had at least been a diligent amateur student for a good many years, mainly from the standpoint of the so-called "idealist" position. Under the influence of my old friend and classmate, J. S. Haldane, and of my intimate friend and future brother-in-law, Lorrain Smith, I had been led towards the intellectual position represented by T. H. Green and by Edward Caird, amongst other British philosophers. I now found that MacCallum was an enthusiastic disciple of his old teacher, Edward Caird.¹

This community of interest in one direction served in no small degree to establish an intellectual comradeship between us despite the differences in our other interests and pursuits, literary and scientific, respectively. Although I had much more to learn from one so much my senior in age and experience, and in mastery and scope of general intellectual interests, I suppose that our mutual intercourse was not without profit to both: "Iron sharpeneth iron: so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." This intercourse included for a time an actual joint critical study of T. H. Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics*. This systematic study was carried on over a considerable period, mainly in hospitable week-ends in the house at Dulwich Hill where I was privileged to be a frequent week-end guest. Those occasions, when I was an honorary member as it were of an ideal family circle, are amongst the more precious memories of those early days of my life in Sydney. In a letter I received from MacCallum during the present war he writes: "Do you remember the old Sundays at Dulwich Hill when we read Green together?" Can I ever forget them!

The result of our common study was definitely to strengthen our adherence to the fundamental idealist interpretation of the essential nature of reality. And even now, after the lapse of over fifty years, I am unable to see any escape from the general idealist conclusion as, for

¹ For Professor Caird, later Master of Balliol, MacCallum to the end retained a respect not far short of veneration. In a letter I received from him during the present war he quotes the short prayer with which, in accordance with ancient custom, Professor Caird, then occupying the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow, opened his ordinary class lecture:

"O God in Whom we live and move and have our being, in Whom alone we can find rest, grant to us purity of heart and strength of purpose, that no selfish passion may blind us from knowing Thy will, and no weakness from doing it, that in Thy light we may see light clearly and in Thy service find perfect freedom, through the Spirit of Christ Who thus taught us to pray, saying" (and here followed the Lord's prayer).

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example, it has recently been set forth by an acute thinker, who is not a professional philosopher, Sir Frederick Pollock, in one of his letters to Oliver Wendell Holmes (dated 15.8.20): "Experience in consciousness is the only kind of thing we know at first hand and (so far as its immediate contents go) are absolutely sure of. The rest is reflection, abstraction and reconstruction. To regard thought or consciousness as a by-product of something abstracted out of its own content is a ludicrous muddle."

MacCallum himself, in a letter to me in 1933, reaffirms his older conviction in these words: "Though it needs many modifications I don't think the critical Idealism of my young days superseded."

In 1887 the University of Sydney was still in a comparatively early phase of its development, with only a few hundred undergraduates. The professional schools of medicine and engineering were in their early infancy: the law school only came into existence several years later. When MacCallum arrived he found but seven professorial colleagues, only one of whom was officially concerned with the so-called humanist studies, the professor of classics, Walter Scott. There was, nevertheless, an effective and sound literary tradition in the young University—a tradition founded by the first professor of classics, Dr. Woolley—and further deepened and strengthened by Woolley's great successor, Dr. Badham, a classical scholar of European reputation. MacCallum became the first occupant of the newly founded Chair of Modern Literature and the pioneer of the new department. There had been already sub-professorial lecturers in the French and German languages and they now became members of his staff.

The advent of the new professor thus inaugurated a new era in the wider literary culture in the University. Even with the aid of much helpful goodwill the upbuilding of a wide-range department embracing English, French and German literary and linguistic studies was an uphill task in the face of narrow resources, alike in finance, personnel, and library requirements. How those manifold obstacles were gradually surmounted and the growth and expansion of a progressively differentiated system of coordinated sub-departments were achieved constitutes the story of MacCallum's active professorial life from 1887 until his eventual summons to take up the headship of the entire University as its first full-time Vice-Chancellor and ultimately to occupy the supreme office of its Chancellor.

It is outside of my purpose, and beyond my ability, to follow even in outline the detailed development and progress of MacCallum's striking academic career, of the continuous and steady growth of his influence both in the University and in the community, and of the

widening recognition of his importance as an outstanding authority on English and especially Shakespearian literature.

My present aim must be the more limited one of placing on record some of the personal impressions made upon me in the course of the association I was privileged to have with MacCallum since our first contact in 1887. During the thirty-three years of my own residence in Australia, *i.e.* up to 1920, our association was one of unbroken intimacy and friendship, to which I owe more than I can say.

Since my departure from Australia in 1920 our intercourse has been almost entirely dependent on the occasional interchange of letters—at best a meagre substitute for the personal touch, above all with my shortcomings as a correspondent. And even in regard to the earlier period it lies in the nature of the case that familiar and close personal intercourse leaves mainly memory and little in the way of permanent record.

Nor have I the advantage possessed by the earlier generations of his pupils, some of whose eloquent testimonies are already on record.

I can well recall the general impression made on the University by the infective enthusiasm of the new professor, with his up-to-date scholarly equipment and grasp—an impression which broadened and deepened from year to year. It is true that he encountered obstacles, to which I have already alluded, due largely to lack of sympathy in some quarters, some of them influential. On occasion these tried his patience not a little and also roused combative instincts, in which he was by no means lacking. But for the most part he suppressed his irritation, or only indulged it in vigorous invective for strictly private consumption.

Some of even his bitterest antipathies were after the lapse of time resolved or modified and the objects of them subdued in a more understanding friendship as he won his way to the confidence and esteem of even his quondam opponents. Whilst it may be too much to say that he lived down all enmity and criticism, it can be said with perfect truth that he did gain the respect and admiration of even the least sympathetic of his critics. And in his latest active period he obtained the full confidence as well as the universal respect not only of the University but of wider circles of the community who came under his influence. For he was quite notably a good citizen of the State, and, without taking any active part in politics in the party sense, his influence spread far beyond purely academic circles.

In the main I am inclined to characterize MacCallum's attitude to general academic policy as a sane and liberal one, mildly conservative in some matters, but certainly not unprogressive. Occupying on the

whole a centre position, he occasionally had his critics amongst those who inclined more to the left, but he never forfeited the trust and confidence of his colleagues, which strengthened more and more with the ever-growing recognition of his wisdom as an "elder statesman" in the academic body.

In that earlier period, of which I take myself to be a more or less competent witness, I was, in general, a frank supporter of his educational aims and policy. My recollections do, indeed, include infrequent instances of divergence of view on current academic topics. These were, I think, mainly traceable to the sometimes competing claims of the arts and the scientific departments on the always slender University resources. On occasion MacCallum's qualities as a controversialist shone out. In academic discussion and debate his keen advocacy and his power of rapier-like retort rendered him a formidable antagonist. As a pure advocate he gave no easy concessions to his opponent. All the more impressive by comparison was MacCallum's remarkable capacity for completely discarding the rôle of advocate and partisan when circumstances of responsibility called for strictly judicial consideration. Then every trace of personal bias seemed to disappear, submerged in an impartial judgement in which full recognition was given to arguments and points of view to which he was perhaps naturally unsympathetic or even hostile. This rare gift was surely one of the outstanding qualities which so eminently fitted him for the high administrative positions to which he was later called within the University.

It was essentially the same quality in private life that made him the wise friend and counsellor to whom in the old days I personally owed so much and to whom now I would pay my tribute of gratitude, and of the affection of a younger brother, for unfailing helpfulness through so many years of confidential intercourse.

Of MacCallum as a public teacher I have already indicated that I am not well qualified to speak. But I have, nevertheless, quite vivid recollections of occasional opportunities I had of listening to some of his more public utterances. In my experience these discourses were not characterized by special rhetorical display. Rather did they give the impression of restraint and a certain monotony of voice. But these could not conceal the underlying vigour of thought and expression. And what was in the highest degree remarkable was the extraordinary fertility in appropriate word and phrase. Few of us can have forgotten that quite characteristic hesitancy of speech which often preceded the unfailing choice of precisely the one and only fitting word or phrase which gave final perfection to the idea.

For many years MacCallum carried a far too heavy burden of University class teaching. In spite of this he found time and opportunity for not a little University-extension and other more or less popular lecturing, in which his outstanding gift for exposition found scope as an interpreter, to wider than academic circles, of some of the riches of modern literature. Outside of his own favourite field of Shakespearian scholarship and criticism I still recall a memorable lecture on Meredith whose high literary importance was only then becoming fully appreciated in England and was still almost unknown to Australia.

I cannot omit brief reference to the charm of his conversation in less formal intercourse and to his general social gifts. The extent and range of his interests and experience were remarkable. In the more intimate circle of friends his penetrating comments on men and affairs were often witty and humorous, kindly and genial as a rule, but sometimes of rather devastating force.

For me, memory holds the door of recurring holidays in which I was so often privileged to enjoy the warm and intimate hospitality of the MacCallum household, to share in its social and intellectual interests indoors, and the stimulating atmosphere of the Blue Mountains out-of-doors. Family excursions and picnics were frequent and young and old were keen walkers and climbers. In addition to the family occupations there were occasional more strenuous days of mountain walking and climbing along with a few colleagues also on holiday. Several such days stand out as rather exacting tests of stamina and endurance. To a stranger, MacCallum's relatively slight frame and small stature gave little indication of his physical reserve power. He was, in fact, gifted with a surprising capacity for tireless exertion which few of us could emulate and none could surpass. His physical type was that of the light and wiry Celt whose power of endurance under severe strain is so outstanding.

It is a mournful reflection that the final period of MacCallum's long, vigorous, untiring and inspiring life should have been clouded over by domestic sorrows, so patiently and unflinchingly borne. Nevertheless we can regard it as a life crowned with signal success, as measured by its manifold contribution, not only to the cause of higher education which he had so much at heart, but to the enrichment of the general life and welfare of the State, of which he was steadfastly a good citizen. It is a contribution which will long endure, not least through its formative influence upon the many generations of his students and younger colleagues who hold his name in reverence and affection.

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ON THE WAY TO AUSTRALIA

(Aboard the *Maloja*, November, 1914, off
Aden where many passengers transhipped.)

'Tis scarce two weeks, since, loth to part,
We left our England's mighty heart,
And as we took our darkling way
 Down Thames's mine-defended tide,
Each wakeful ripple seemed to say,
 "With you the Empire shall abide".

When on we voyaged Plymouth-ward
A squadron stout was keeping guard—
Destroyers, cruisers, battle-ships:
 We heard the unspoken word with pride
That promised from their iron lips;
 "With you the Empire shall abide".

We touched at ports of storied name
Where Britain won immortal fame—
Gibraltar grim and Malta bare:
 And these heroic memories cried
To us, who in their glory share:
 "With you the Empire shall abide."

We saw the desert's death-like sands
Astir with life from various lands:
Horse, camel, Briton, Nubian, Sikh
 Were gathered ready side by side:
Their several tongues one message speak,
 "With you the Empire shall abide".

And then, the Red Sea reached at last,
A fleet full thronged with troops went past—
Australians and New Zealanders.
 To thoughts of ours their thoughts replied:
"All sons of Britain own them hers:
 With you the Empire shall abide."

And every day as on we sail,
The wireless waves repeat the tale
How British men have played the man;
 The news, though scant, tells far and wide,
As clear and full as tell it can:
 "With you the Empire shall abide."

Soon shall we travellers issue forth
To seek the East or South or North,
With unlike aim, by various track,
 But each to all will still be tied
While o'er us floats the Union Jack:
 With us the Empire shall abide.

PRIEST AMIS

[The opinion used sometimes to be hazarded that in Medieval German Literature there were no specimens of popular humour such as are frequent in English of the same period. The following version of a *Schwank*, compiled from various sources by The Stricker in the first half of the 13th century, was offered in disproof. All the incidents occur in the original, and are reproduced in a slightly curtailed form but with little other alteration. The only merit the adapter can claim lies in the imitation of the archaic diction. This first appeared in the *University College of Wales Magazine*, June, 1886.]

In olden time there dwelt a priest by the banks of the Thames whose name was called Amis. And his living was fat and fair, and his mind was given to hospitality. The fire ceased not to roar in the kitchen chimney, and before it the spits were ever turning, and his cellars were stocked with white Rhenish and the red wine of Gascony. From far and near came rich and poor to his board, and it was spread for all.

Then the Bishop murmured in his heart, and thought: "The benefice is over gainful for a simple clerk: how came it into the hands of this Amis, to run like water betwixt his fingers? The Church hath need of it." So he fared with his servitors to visit Amis, and Amis, when he was aware of his coming, made great cheer and prepared a mighty feast. But the Bishop, when he had well eaten and drunken, spake roughly and said: "Give up to me again, thou spend-thrift reveller, what thou art not fit to keep." And Amis answered again: "So, now, my Lord Bishop, what fault is in me? For I sing mass right merrily, and I fail not at my hours, and the poor, when they beg, are not sent empty away." But he said with a stern countenance: "Go to, now; render me when I bid thee, what else I will take." And Amis answered stoutly: "I may not yield thee this thing, for I am guilty in nought, and moreover I am skilled in all the wisdom of the schools. What, then, canst thou rightfully enforce against me?" "Skilled in the wisdom of the schools!" quoth the Bishop. "That shall we try anon. Lo, I am steward of the mysteries, and I shall put thee to the proof: but mark me, if thou fail, hence from thy warm nest shalt thou go." So he sought to catch Amis with subtle questions after the schoolmen's wise, but Amis was a man cautelous, and knew to avoid them by wary quips. For when he was bade say how deep was the sea, he said "a stone's throw"; and, asked how many ladders there would need to climb to heaven, he made answer, "One, if it were long enough." At the end the Bishop waxed weary and cried in wrath: "Fellow, thou art too fine for me, yet will I lay on thee a task, which if thou canst not fulfil, I will bid thee truss. Take now a young ass,

and teach it read, or thou art unfrocked." And Amis answered: "Yea, my lord: that will I, if thou give me time. But see now, a noble youth goes not out from school, till he have twenty years; and well it may hap", said priest Amis, "though I hold it not for proved, that such an one hath more wit than an ass. Give me therefore a like term";—for he considered within himself, "By that time the ass may be dead, or I, or peradventure the Bishop." And the Bishop said: "So be it, yet will I come betweenwhiles to see how thou proceedest."

Then Amis took him a young ass and put him in a stall, and each morning brought a book and scattered corn between the leaves and set it before him; and the ass with his nostrils snuffed from one page to another, so that the leaves turned over. And after certain days the Lord Bishop came again and asked Amis contumeliously: "How now? Fares it well with thy scholar?" And Amis led him to the stall and put an empty book before the ass; and the ass diligently sought corn therein, and found none, and brayed that it was pity to hear. And Amis said: "See now, my lord, I have taught him by this to handle his book, and already he hath learned the two vocables, E and O." And the Bishop wist not what to say and was astonied, so that he went home and died. Then Amis left teaching the ass his letters.

Thereafter it fell that when Amis had long lived delicately with many guests, his steward came before him and said: "Sir, thy debts are great, nor can thy rents bear them any more." Then Amis took counsel with himself: "Can I brook bare boards and sorry cheer, empty chairs and sour faces, where I have feasted joyously? Nay, rather, I have trimmed a bishop, and if I be holpen of the saints, grace may be given me to shear the flock. I am minded to travel in outland parts and in them perchance I shall find purveyance."

So he chose out some certain trusty serving men and set forth on his wayfaring. And after a while he came to a township where a great fair was held. And he went to the parson of the place, and said: "Come now, let me preach here, for I have the gift of words, and we will take an offertory, and thou shalt share in the profits." Now by the way he had taken the head of an outlaw from a gallows. And he went up to the pulpit and preached mightily, and showed the head and said: "See here, good people, the head of the holy Brandan, who has appeared to me in a dream and has willed me to build here a church and altar. And all who will help the saint's meaning with money or goods, the holy Brandan will pray for them without ceasing. But I do you to wit that I will have no broad piece, no, nor so much as a single groat from any who are unclean in their hearts and dishonest in their lives. Now come forth and give your gifts." Then they of the baser

sort rejoiced greatly and hurried forward and offered large presents, for they said: "He will not take them": yet he took them. And when the others marked how great a throng went about Amis with their gifts, they said: "Lo, if we likewise do not go, then are we shamed, for men will say that our hearts accuse us"; and they too came forward with their donatives. And Amis laughed in his mood and gave somewhat to the parson, and parted thence with much gold and silver, yea, and precious stones in brooches and rings.

After these things he journeyed to the King at Paris and prayed him: "What may I do for my Lord the King?" And the King said: "Of what matters hast thou skill?" And Amis said: "I am a famed limner, and can so picture trees that birds fly to them, and beasts of venery so that the hounds would course them, and men and women so as none may know them from living wights. And furthermore, O King, to my art belongeth a virtue magical; for the portraitures, be they never so bright, cannot be seen but by men born from a lawful wedlock, and to all other they are invisible." Then the saying pleased the King, for he thought: "I shall lead my vassals before the pictures, and some perchance shall see them not, so shall many lordships and baronies, with broad lands not a few, escheat to me, their lord paramount"; and he bade Amis go to his greatest hall, and gave him three hundred marks for his tincts and pencils, and said: "Meat and drink shall be conveyed thee secretly by the postern, so that thou shalt in no wise want, and at three weeks' end I will come again and pay thee a great sum." So Amis went to the hall, he and his men, and drank and ate the King's food, and rested and played at tables. And after three weeks the King came again and cried: "Let me in now myself alone that I may see thy handiwork, ere I bring in all my court." Then Amis arose lightly and unbarred the door. And the King came in gleefully, and looked on the bare walls, and fear laid hold on him and his knees trembled, and his heart became as water. And he thought: "Alas! now am I shamed, and if my peers knew this, I should be King no more. What then?" thought the King at the last, "false sight must mend when true sight fails." And he made as were he of passing good cheer, and turned to Amis and said: "Now, master, declare to me the matter of these pictures. Fair they are to view, none fairer, but I know not what they would show." For he considered: "If I learn once what they are, I too may feign to see them." Then Amis spake soberly: "Here is Absalom hanging by the hair, and by him David stands weeping; and on this side behold Alexander lead his battles against Porus in the Orient; and lo! at the foot, the story of Babylon; and at the head see yourself, O King, with all your lords about you."

And the King said: "In good sooth never saw I more cunning ensamples of thine art or walls so craftily adorned." And he gave Amis great sums, and bade him God speed, and sent him away without pause. For he would keep the secret to himself and use it for his own avail. Then brought he his court into the room and they came thronging; but a whisper was gone forth of the magic limning; and when they saw naught, they were struck with fear and shame, each in his own breast. And all of them walked by the walls and said that the pictures were wondrous fair, and the King's heart fell as he heard them, and the heart of each melted as he heard the other speak, for each thought: "Am I the only here to lose his honour?" But at the last a doltish fellow burst out: "By our lady, I see nought but white lime." And they turned and railed on him as base-born, and the King spake: "Thy heritage shall be mine." But he answered: "Not so, sire: I yield not my lands for any juggler's tricks. Here standeth none effigies." Then by one and by one they averred that he spake reason and that they too saw nothing. And last of all the King confessed that he saw nothing. And they were very wroth, but Amis was scaped hence out of the coasts of the French, and bore much wealth with him.

Then Amis came to Lorraine to the Duke, and sent him word that he was a learned leech, "and in one day will I heal the sick folk in your lazar-house, I take it on my life else; but do you behight me due meed." And the Duke liked it well and said: "Be it so. If thou bring thy words to pass, thou shalt have in guerdon the worth of a count's ransom, but if thou fail, thou payest with thy head." So Amis was led to the hospice, and he said: "I have mind to show my ministry first on them that are ill inwardly, for their hap is the worst." So he called them all to another room and said: "Good people, is it your will to be healed in one day?" "Yea, in good sooth!" said they all. "First, then, swear to me", said he, "that for three days ye will make known to no man what anon I will bid you do"; and they all sware. Then said he: "Seek out now him of you, whose pains are heaviest and who is nighest death. Him will I slay and make from his blood a puissant salve to smear the rest of you withal, and make ye again as sound as babes." And they were aghast and wist not what they should do, for every man thought: "If I consent not, but say nay to this chaffer, then will my fellows hold me for the worst diseased. And though I swear it, that my sickness is but light, natheless may those other take oath that their own is yet lesser. Alas, it boots not, but I must avouch me well and sound." So they all came to Amis and said: "Master, our health is given us again." And he said: "Of a

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surety?" And they confirmed it on their troth, and said: "Verily, master, this hour are we made whole." "Thank all the Hallows for the wonder done on your bodies", said he, "and send tidings to the Duke." And at the first the Duke believed it but hardly, till they all cried out the more: "Hear us, my Lord Duke, in very truth we are healed." Then he besought Amis: "Tarry and abide with me for the cure of all my people." But he said: "Nay, for the Kaiser awaits me." Then Amis passed on his way with great gifts and thanks; yet when three days were accomplished, the Duke's countenance was changed, for the men were free from their oath and said how it had been with them, and that their evil was worsen than before.

Then Amis journeyed throughout Almaine and took great store of treasure there, for he beguiled whomso he would, and there was none that might stand against his subtlety. For now he would send his serving men before him as cripples and on his coming he would make them whole. And now he would tell the folk, as at unawares, by divination secret matters of their lives, that aforetime he had enquired out diligently. One day at the board of a man that was an yeoman, he would eat no flesh for it was Friday, and prayed the good man: "Fetch me rather fish from thy well." And he answered shortly that in the well were no fishes to have. But Amis had borne fishes with him and privily put them therein: so he said again: "Yet, for I am an holy man and the cause is holy, cast in thy net once, I prithe." And when he had so done, he drew out the net full of fishes; and he marvelled and gave Amis rich gifts to pray for his soul. And yet another time came Amis to a widow's house who had but one cock, and he bade her broil it for his supper. But Amis had brought with him another cock like unto this in all points, in feathers and in size; and about the middle night he arose and stole out and put it in the yard. And in the grey dawn the woman awaked, for that a cock crew: and she went forth, and behold! her very cock that she had slain and cooked. So she called the neighbours, and Amis spake: "See, now, whatsoever thing ye give me, ye receive again, and my prayers to boot for your well-being hereafter": and the fame thereof went abroad. And a lady that had to husband a knight bade Amis before her and said: "My lord is a hard man and thy handmaiden's hands are wellnigh empty, yet here is a little piece of cloth: take that and bless me." And when Amis had blessed her and taken the cloth (it was a web of about fifty ells), he rode on his way. Then the knight came home and heard what she had done: and he was sore displeased, and he hasted after Amis and cried: "Turn again, false priest: thou hast befooled my wife of her stuff, but from me thou comest not so.

An thou wouldest escape trouncing, give it me again." Now Amis had seen him while yet he was afar off, and had put a live coal in the pack; so he turned meekly and answered with patient words: "Friend, I have done thee no hurt. I asked not for the cloth, nor knew none ill in the gift. Howbeit, have it again, if so thy pleasure be." Then he went on his way and the knight rode back. But anon the web waxed hot under his arm, and it smouldered till the smoke broke out, so that he cast it on the ground, and lo, it burned with fire. Then the knight made dolorous cheer and cried: "Alack! for I am undone, sinful man that I am. For with threatings and gibes have I put an holy man in fright, and bereft him what was his own." And he went home carefully and bemoaned to his wife: "Henceforth rule the household at thy will, for thou art worthier than I." And they sent to Amis reverently and besought him of his charity to take double of the cloth and much silver besides.

After these things Amis put on churl's weeds and came to the provost of a religious house, saying: "I am a poor man and a poor man's son, one of the lay folk and without letters: yet I desire greatly to join your brotherhood, being called thereto in a vision." Then the provost rejoiced, and bade him come in, and set him his tasks. And after few days Amis spake to him these words: "Behold, I have dreamed yet again, and another vision hath visited me; and I am bid warn thee put the sacred vestments on my back and the book in my hand, so shall I know by miracle to sing mass." And when the provost did so, Amis sang the mass to end right trippingly on his tongue, neither halted nor failed. And the provost marvelled and said: "Oh, grace to me unwitting: behold a wonder is worked in my house." And he summoned the brethren, and they made much of Amis, and committed all things to his trust. And Amis tarried till he had the keys in his keeping: then took he whatso he might carry with him and departed by night.

Thereafter came Amis to Constantinople, city imperial of the Greeks. And when he saw the merchandise, goldsmith's work, and the wares of such as traffic in silk, he was smitten to the heart, and he said: "Of these must I have a plenty, or I shall go hence in dule and dishonour." And it came to pass that one greeted him, a Frank like himself, who was a mason and knew not the Greek tongue. Then Amis bethought him and spake guilefully and said: "Lo now, my country-man, it hath been well with me among the Greeks, and I was chaplain to a great bishop that even now is dead; and after the manner of the Greeks he has given me his seal that I may choose whom I will in his room. But it repenteth me to advance any Greekish man, and

I will well to exalt thyself." And the Frank made answer: "Go to now; for I am mechanical, and moreover, I can no Greek." And Amis said: "It skills not; let me get thee the bishop's robes, and thou wilt outsee bishop-like. And till thou art chaired, no need is there to say other words of Greek than these, *Verily it is true*. But thereafter thou shalt be scatheless. Now, therefore, hearken unto me and swear that till three days are fulfilled, other words save to me thou wilt speak none, and I will make thee bishop"; whereto the man made assent. Then Amis went to the richest merchant, and said whisperingly in his ear: "Master, I have brought thee here the new bishop, which will buy of thee great provision for himself and his knights and servitors. What wilt thou give for brokery?" And the merchant said: "Surely I will pay one twentieth of the worth of the goods." And Amis spake aloud: "My Lord Bishop will have all of the best, three changes of raiment for himself, and two for an hundred knights; such is my Lord Bishop's will." And the Frank said: "Verily, it is true." Then the merchant hastened and brought out gold cloth and silver cloth and silk in sufficiency. And Amis said: "Give me now that is due, and I will convey the commodities to our lodging, and fetch thee thy gold; but my Lord will abide in thy house as surety." And Amis took ship and sailed thence with the goods. But the merchant made a noble banquet for the Bishop and feasted him with the choicest meats and drinks; and still, when he was asked if he desired more, he spake: "Verily, it is true." And yet again the next morning a rich table was set, and when the merchant spake: "My lord's chaplain brings much gold", the Frank made answer: "Verily, it is true." And in the evening the merchant said again: "But the chaplain tarrieth long." And he said: "Verily, it is true." And the merchant waxed ill at ease, and spake in the morning of the third day: "Perchance my Lord's chaplain hath fled with the goods." And he said: "Verily, it is true." Then the merchant was astonished, and spake in wrath: "What! thou knowest this?" And the Frank still answered: "Verily, it is true." "Then I say it to thy face, thou art no true bishop but a scurvy knave." "Verily, it is true", quoth the Bishop. "Sayest thou?" said the merchant, "then art thou rogue, cheat, cozener." "Verily, it is true." "And I am betrayed and undone by a lying varlet?" "Verily, it is true", said the Bishop. Then the merchant raged as he were wood: and beat the mason about and around the house and out of gate; and still he cried: "Verily! verily! 'tis true! 'tis true!" Then as it chanced, the master-mason passed that way, and he hailed them: "How now, why beatest thou my fellow? and thou, too, what meaneth this?" Then, for his master could the Frankish speech, the bishop told how he had been

betrayed. And there was much laughter in the market-place. But the merchant laughed not.

And in the meanwhile Amis mused sadly: "I have taken more of this Greek than all my travail beside. Get I yet once more such a chaffer, then might I end my days in peace." So he fared a second time to Constantinople and went to the stall where stood the dealer in gems who most abounded in moneys and wealth of every kind. And he said to him boldly: "See now, I am a great man of Cathay, who am come from afar for jewels, and I will buy all that thou hast." And the other, high and mighty as became his horde, answered loftily: "I think there lives not that man on earth with gold to buy my stock by half." And Amis said: "Yet bring it to my lodging and I will shew thee." And when he was come, Amis bound him fast, and went to the Emperour's leech and said: "Master I am a man of great possessions, yet they profit me little; for my father that I love, is lunatic; and I have tried the physicians of Paris and Palermo, but leechcraft have I found none, that may better him. For whereso we go, he will not know me, but twits me for a stranger, and weens that I owe him money; and still when I go before him he cries: 'Pay that thou owest, or, since thou canst not, restore that thou hast filched.' And now he lies bound in my lodging." And the leech answered again: "Sir, give me leave, and I will yield thee him back sane and sound. But I must have him to my house: and there will need for his cure many gold bezants." And Amis said: "Only give him again his wit, and thou shalt have half of all that is mine." Then they went forth together, and when they came where the merchant lay bound, Amis greeted him piteously: "Father, dost thou yet not know me?" And the merchant with great brawl and outcry made answer: "What! Am I thy father? Thou cheat, thou knave, I shall have law of thee, if there is law in Greece. Loose me and pay me a thousand marks for this contumely, or thou shalt hang for it." Then they bore him away, and Amis took ship and came to England.

But the merchant was put in a hot bath that near flayed him, and swallowed drugs that were of evil taste, and still as he cried: "My money, varlet; the heathen; oh, my jewels!", the leech beat him, and said: "This shalt thou have, oh, thou possessed one! till the demon leave thee and thou know thy loving son." And since it might not be otherwise, he owned at the last: "He is indeed my son; but now send, I pray thee, for thy payment, and let me begone." But when the leech sent after Amis, none knew where he was become. And he feared greatly, and asked the merchant: "But where shall we find thy son?" And the merchant said sourly: "Send then for my wife." And when

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the woman was come, she railed upon the leech and reviled him, and bare witness that her husband had ever been childless. And they were wroth with each other, for the merchant had lost his possessions and the physician had missed his reward.

But Amis was returned to his living, where all things went after his heart. And in time the brethren of a certain house chose him to be their abbot, for his honest life and holy walk. And he was blessed with length of days and at the last made a fair ending. And miracles were wrought at his tomb.

AN AFTERNOON WITH GEORGE MEREDITH
AT BOXHILL, ON MAY 17TH, 1893

[The reminiscences from which these selections are made were jotted down eight days after the conversation described. The writer can vouch for their substantial, and, he believes, for their almost literal accuracy. At that time his verbal memory was good, and even trifles uttered in Meredith's ringing and expressive voice, are not easily forgotten. The object has been to let Meredith speak for himself, and to suppress, so far as possible, his visitor's remarks in agreement or dissent.]

An eight weeks' drought had finally broken up; for three days it had been pouring and the train steamed from the Victoria platform in heavy rain. As we left London behind the weather cleared, and returning sunshine showed the rich undulations and woodlands of Surrey in all their early summer's loveliness. On my way from the station I could not but think that Meredith had chosen his habitation well, for its blended beauties of hill and plain, without the bleakness of the one, or the flatness of the other. At the gate I was met by his man, who told me that "Master" had expected me sooner, and had now gone out, but wished me, if I was not too tired, to follow him up the hill. Tired I was not; and a few minutes' climb brought me to the top of the spur, between which and the main ridge, Meredith's home lay, nestling in its cosy nook. The view was a beautiful one. On each side lay the well-clad hills, with all the varied greens of manifold trees and grass. The sun was on the decline, but it had conquered the clouds, which were rushing across the blue sky with the wind in full chase. And there, in the sun and the wind, as I turned from the wider landscape, I was aware of George Meredith advancing to me. Not even a stranger could mistake him. His photographs, without doing justice to a certain air of mastery that seemed to exhale from him, reproduce his features accurately enough, and he walked in his well-known fashion, slightly dragging his right leg, and leaning heavily, but not awkwardly, on the stick in his right hand. He looked slim and rather thin in his brown tweeds, with short jacket and soft felt hat, which latter he raised with old-world courtesy, when he saw me. After some words of welcome and apology for being out, he added: "But I am hard at work now on two books, and I always come up here about five o'clock, for the fresh air and the exercise." Some remarks about the weather suggested a reference to his lines on the South-west Wind. "Yes", he said, "it is my favourite. With none else do you see the volumes of cloud so grandly broken and streaming across the sky, and that gives the finest effects of light and shade—especially in a landscape like this." And he began to point out its

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different features, dwelling fondly on the trees, their contrasts in colour, shape, and size. "Some of the yews on the opposite ridge are older than the time of Christ." "I hate to see trees in a clump pruned and dressed", he added. "It is with them as with human life. You get the great harmonies in the mass only from the free development of the individual."

As we went on, he began to talk of the books he was writing. One, he said (and afterwards, when it appeared, I recognised it, of course, though apparently the plan had been somewhat changed, in "Lord Ormont and His Aminta"), was a tale, in a style different from that usual with him, of adventure and action. "Was it like *Shagpat*?" "No", he answered, with a laugh. "That was compacted of exclusively humorous ideas. This is psychological, dealing with the career of a man who gave promise of high distinction, say, as a soldier, and who, to his friends' disappointment, becomes a schoolmaster. Do you like your profession of teaching?" he suddenly asked, and without waiting for a reply, added, with the peculiar sonorous ring in his voice, which one noticed when he was in earnest: "To me there are only three that seem worth following, and that will survive as liberal professions in the development of things, those of teacher, doctor, and farmer."

We had walked home slowly, and were now at his gate. A quaint old place it gave entry to; the plain two-storeyed brick house looking into the heart-shaped garden, enclosed within very tall, thick green hedges, the view from the windows, I fancy, confined to the plot with its shrubs and flowers. Of the latter, Meredith was evidently very fond, and complained that this dry spring was no spring at all, as it had spoiled so many; still, to a stranger, who did not know what they should be, they seemed luxuriant enough, and certainly they were of rare varieties. When we were looking at them, a little dachshund came full tilt through the bushes, barking at its master, fawning on him, and running between his legs. This led to a digression on dogs, and Meredith showed me three generations of his favourites, of which he was obviously proud, expatiating on their points and technical excellencies in a way that might possibly be intelligible to a dog fancier. "I like to have them about the house", he concluded. "They are companions, and cats are not. They have no sympathy. George Sand, you remember, says that in that they are superior to men; but that is one of the foolish epigrams that are intended to surprise, and have nothing real in them."

We had meanwhile passed to the back, where high on the bank was a little two-roomed cottage. "That", he said, "is where I work, and where most of my books have been written. I used sometimes to sleep

there, too. I have my coffee brought up in the morning; but a year ago I was ill, badly shaken, and the doctor said I must not do so any more." We entered the main room, and he opened the window. It commanded a splendid view, right over the spur that shut in his house, to the opposite hills. The sun was at the moment shining on a patch of green that terminated the ridge. "That", he said, "is a point I often sit looking at." The room itself was furnished simply, and for work. The most noticeable feature was the array of books along the back wall, among which the Greek and French classics were prominent. He took out a volume of Jebb's "Sophocles", lavishing praises on author and editor. I looked at a few other books from this part of his library, and evidently they had been well used. It was a surprise to me, for Meredith's own style is far from Hellenic.

Then he began talking of French. "What a language!" he exclaimed. "And what a literature! Of course, we have Shakespeare; he gives us the first place. But without Shakespeare we could hardly make head against the French. No doubt they are greatest in prose, though we should not forget that they invented the Alexandrine, and that can be a magnificent line. But think of such writers as La Bruyère, La Fontaine, Molière, Saint-Simon, La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues; what country can show the like?" "I notice", said I, "that you cite only the classical authors, and not those of this century." "Yes", he said, "but it was by accident", and he mentioned a good many others, among whom the names of Hugo, De Musset, and Zola were conspicuous by their absence. He was indignant at the idea that the French wanted humour, and in support of what he said, I cited some passages from Quinet's *Merlin*, which I had just been reading, on the enchanter's relations with his father. He did not know them, and laughed a good deal. "The idea is a happy one", he said, "but I hope he has not carried it too far. The fault of the French humourists is that they *poussent tout à bout*." His objections were on aesthetic, but by no means on religious grounds. On the contrary, he uttered himself with almost acrid fervour against the theology of the day. "The Divines", he said, "have hardened the beautiful story of the Gospels into a ridiculous fable, and have not even left us the fable, but only palm off on us the doctrines they derive from it on the supposition that it is historic truth. And the consequence is that what is preached every week from so many pulpits, is altogether ineffectual. It puts me in mind of a story that Frank Burnand tells. He had gone to see Doré's picture of Christ Leaving the Praetorium. There were a great many there, for though Doré is a poor artist, he knows how to suit the conventional British taste. Well, the man in charge came to

Frank, wanting him to buy an engraving, and insisted for half an hour in reciting the old commonplaces, till Frank moved off to be quit of him. Just at that moment, an old gentleman came forward and examined the picture very curiously, and on him the showman fixed, going over the same sermon again, word for word. Frank had a premonition of something humorous, and waited near. When it was almost at an end, the old man turned round with a start, and said: 'Excuse me, have you been speaking to me? I am deaf, and have not heard a word.' That is true of the public, and the sort of preaching offered them. They are deaf, and do not hear a word."

At this moment the maid came in, and we retired to dress for dinner. "What will you drink?" he asked. "I no longer take wine myself, but I keep wines for my friends, and can recommend them all. At your age good wine is good, both for stomach and head." I heard him go to the cellar himself, and, as he was rather deaf in the left ear, give instructions to set for me at his right.

When we met again, and Meredith no longer wore his hat, I was struck by the Celtic character of his head, and indeed of his whole figure. He had none of the robustness or solidity of the typical Englishman. On the other hand he reminded me much of a type that is common in Wales, though with him it was both refined and fortified. Welsh too he was in his strong rolling pronunciation of the letter R, and in a certain mixture of suavity and brusqueness in his manners. Of the latter we had an amusing example at dinner, to which we sat down without other company. In contrast with the exactness of all the appointments at table, I was struck by the free and easy style in which the master addressed his servants, and, as it were, conversed with them. One of the courses was chicken and it was a little tough. "Elizabeth", said Meredith, "why has cook sent us this ancient hen, this greatgrandmother of the poultry yard?" The maid said it was a spring chicken. Meredith took another morsel. "Elizabeth, did cook get this as a chicken from So-and-so?" "Yes, sir." "Then will you please give cook my compliments, and ask her to congratulate So-and-so the next time she sees him, on having been able to palm off on her as a spring chicken the totem of all the fowls in Dolling?" The girl's eyes were twinkling, and her lips were laughing till she was sobered by the word "totem"; she demurely answered, "Yes, sir."

At dinner Meredith asked me several questions about Australia, and showed himself interested in, and fairly well informed on the social circumstances. "One thing that pleases me about Australia", he said, "is the position of women, and the independent up-bringing

of Australian girls." The talk turned on politics. He was a severe critic of the English. "Things are rather better now", he said, "but some years ago it was hard to be patriotic. There was something abject about the lower classes; the aristocracy was given over to frivolity, and the middle classes to the worship of comfort." He declared himself a Radical of the Radicals, and was eloquent for Home Rule. "Even if there were the dangers that people say in the present Bill—I think they are exaggerated, but suppose there were—I say it would be better to accept them than continue the exhibition we have been giving to the world for the last ninety-five years, of our inability to govern Ireland. Englishmen can't understand the Irish; Welshmen and some Scotchmen can. I, for my part, am Welsh, and Irish to boot, for my mother was an Irishwoman. Now I will give you an instance that from my knowledge of the Irish I know to be typical. So-and-so [mentioning a prominent Irish politician, still living, and therefore not to be named by me, whose photograph I had seen in his drawing-room beside one of "Dear John Morley", as Meredith called him]—So-and-so used never to accept an invitation to dinner in England. He has done so since Gladstone introduced his Bill, and that just means that Gladstone's policy is breaking through the old feeling of hatred and isolation."

Of Gladstone he spoke very lovingly. "Yet, I don't know", he concluded, "whether he is not more fitted for a second place than for the first. There is a sentimental strain in him, that perhaps helps him as an orator, but is all the same a weakness." He instanced his attempts to "whitewash" the Book of Genesis—"which", he interjected, "I find it difficult to pardon"—and his vindications of the chastity of Helen of Troy, over which he made merry. This, however, was the fault of the age more than Gladstone's fault, and appeared everywhere, in literature as in life. There was more than a trace of it in Tennyson. "To my mind", he said, "Tennyson has spoiled the story of 'Geraint and Enid' that he got from the Mabinogion. There Geraint, wakened by Enid's tears, believes that she thinks he has lost his strength and manhood in uxorious ease, and he takes her forth to convince her that he is still the mighty hero. But Tennyson's Geraint thinks his wife false. What fool, knowing such a woman as he must have known her, could suppose that for a moment? I remember when I was a youth, and enthusiastic about Tennyson, how, when his *Princess* appeared, though I had been up all night, I seized a copy and began to read it, but when I came to the lines (he gave them with an exaggerated emphasis that made them extremely comical) :

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I felt my veins
Stretch with fierce heat: a moment hand to hand,
And sword to sword, and horse to horse, we hung,
Till I struck out and shouted; the blade glanced;
I did but shear a feather.

—that was enough for me. Boy as I was, I pitched the book away.”

By this time dinner was over, our coffee was drunk, and his one cigarette was smoked. When I took leave, he said: “For the next few months I shall be busy with my two books till five every day, but after that I shall be glad to see you if you care to come again.” I did not like however, to presume on his kindness too soon, and later, when I might have done so without intrusiveness, circumstances made it impossible. So the last I saw of Meredith was at the door, where he stood in the evening light, his face just turned from a farewell greeting, to smile on his dogs and flowers.

THE MAKING OF "THE TEMPEST"

[What follows is about half of an article left, in apparently complete form, among Sir Mungo MacCallum's papers. What is omitted is, first, the part in which he examines the evidence for the date of the play's composition, and comes to the conclusion that the piece should be regarded as "not absolutely Shakespeare's last play" but the one that he "intended to be his farewell to the theatre" and in which "he gives expression to the ripest results of his experiences". Another omission is the examination of "the materials . . . at Shakespeare's disposal for the building of his play" in which he "displays an intimate familiarity with details connected with the Bermudas", and is thought to have derived help from accounts of expeditions to North America, both written and unwritten, of which "the chief were Jourdain's Discovery of the Bermudas, and the Council of Virginia's True Declaration . . . (and) Strachey's True Repertory of the Wracke", datable in the neighbourhood of 1610-1612. In respect of some of his information there is an interesting reference in the article to an opinion by Kipling, of whose appreciation of Shakespeare as that of not "a Shakespearian scholar" but "as he more fortunately in some ways is, a kindred genius" the article speaks in a way characteristic of the imaginative element in the author's Shakespearian criticism for his students, many of whom will remember the essential ideas here developed. The references to lines quoted are to the text of the "Globe" edition even if the reading there is not the same.]

It was Rudyard Kipling who in 1898 suggested the employment of such unprinted data [from a less dignified and less educated informant]; and his explanation (though of course a mere conjecture) is yet so plausible and characteristic, and tells us so much about the general methods of imaginative writers of the realistic school, even if not in this instance of Shakespeare's, that I shall quote it entire. But indeed I think it not unlikely that Kipling has really discovered for us an extra source of the *Tempest*, in addition to all that we have cited, and one of the most important.

The *Spectator* had published a sub-leader discussing the relation of the creations of poetry to real facts, and maintaining that the poet had often no basis for his fancy-pictures in actual nature. It is thus that Kipling replies:

"Sir, your article on *Landscape & Literature* in the *Spectator* of June 18 has the following among other suggestive passages: 'But whence came the vision of the enchanted island in the *Tempest*? It had no existence in Shakespeare's world, but was woven out of such stuff as dreams are made on.' May I cite Malone's suggestion connecting the play with the casting away of Sir George Somers on the Island of Bermuda in 1609; and further may I be allowed to say how it seems to me possible that the vision was woven from the most prosaic material—from nothing more promising in fact than the chatter of a half-tipsy sailor at a theatre? Thus, Shakespeare, as a stage manager who writes and vamps plays, moving among his audience, overhears a mariner discoursing to his neighbour of a grievous wreck and of the behaviour of the passengers, for whom all sailors have ever entertained a natural contempt. He describes (with the wealth of detail, peculiar to sailors) measures taken to claw the ship off a

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lee-shore; how helm and sails were worked, what the passengers *did* and what he *said*. One pungent phrase—to be rendered later into, *what cares these roarkers for the name of king?*—strikes the manager's ear, and he stands behind the talkers. Perhaps only one-tenth of the earnestly delivered, hand-on-shoulder sea-talk was actually used, of all that was automatically and unconsciously stored by the inland man, who knew all inland arts and crafts. Nor is it too fanciful to imagine a half turn to the second listener, as the mariner, banning his luck as mariners will, says there are those who would not give a doit to a poor man, while they will lay out ten to see a raree show—a dead Indian. Were he in foreign parts (as now he is in England) he could show people something in the way of strange fish. Is it to consider too curiously, to see a drink ensue on this hint—(the manager dealt but little in his plays with the sea at first hand, and his instinct for new words would have been waked by what he had already caught)—and with the drink, a sailor's minute description of how he went across, through the reefs, to the island of his calamity—or islands rather, for there were many! Some you could almost carry away in your pocket. They were sown broadcast like—like the nutshells and apple skins on the stage there. 'Many islands in truth', says the manager patiently, and afterwards his Sebastian says to Antonio: 'I think he will carry the island home in his pocket and give it to his son for an apple'; to which Antonio answers: 'And sowing the kernels of it in the sea bring forth more islands.'

'But what was the land like?' says the manager: the sailor tries to explain: 'It was green with yellow in it: a tawny-coloured country'—the colour, that is of the coral-beached, cedar-covered Bermuda of to-day—'and the air made one sleepy, and the place was full of noises'—the muttering and roaring of the sea among the islands and between the reefs—'and there was a sou-west wind that blistered one all over'. The Elizabethan mariner would not distinguish finely between blisters and prickly heat, but the Bermudian of to-day will tell you that the sou-west, or Lighthouse, wind in summer brings that plague and general discomfort. That the coral rock, battered by the sea, rings hollow with strange sounds, answered by the winds, in the little cramped valleys, is a matter of common knowledge.

The man, refreshed with more drink, then describes the geography of his landing place—the spot where Trinculo makes his first appearance. He insists and re-insists on details, which to him at one time meant life or death, and the manager follows attentively. He can give his audience no more than a few hangings and a placard for scenery, but that his lines shall lift them beyond that bare show to the place he would have them, the manager needs for himself the clearest possible understanding, the most ample detail. He must see the scene in the round—solid—ere he peoples it. Much, doubtless, he discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original informations, that those who go to-day to a certain beach some 2 miles from Hamilton, will find the stage set for Act II, Scene 2, of the *Tempest*—a bare beach with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's butt of sack, and—(these eyes have seen it)—a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled: 'My cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid.' There is no other cave for some two miles. 'Here's neither bush nor shrub';—one is exposed to the wrath of 'yond same black cloud'; and here the currents strand wreckage. It was so well done that after 300 years a stray tripper and no Shakespearian scholar recognised in a flash that old first set of all.

So far good. Up to this point the manager has gained little except some suggestions for an opening scene and some notion of an uncanny island. The mariner—one cannot believe that Shakespeare was mean in these little things—is dipping to a deeper drunkenness. Suddenly he launches into a preposterous tale of himself and his fellows, flung ashore, separated from their officers, horribly afraid of the devil-haunted beach of noises, with their heads full of the fumes of broached liquor. . . . And now, discipline being melted, they would strike out for themselves, defy their officers and take possession of the island. The narrator's mates in this enterprise were probably described as fools. *He* was the only sober man in the company.

So they went inland, faring badly as they staggered up and down this pestilent country. They were pricked with palmettoes, and the cedar branches rasped their faces. Then they found and stole some of their officers' clothes, which were hanging up to dry. But presently they fell into a swamp, and what was worse, into the hands of their officers, and the great expedition ended in muck and mire. Truly, an island bewitched! else why their cramps and sickness? Sack never made a man more than reasonably drunk; he was prepared to answer for unlimited sack; but what befell his stomach and head, was the purest magic that honest man ever met.

A drunken sailor of to-day, wandering about Bermuda, would probably sympathise with him; and to-day, as then, if one takes the easiest inland road from Trinculo's beach, near Hamilton (the path that a drunken man would infallibly follow) it ends abruptly in swamp. The one point that our mariner did *not* dwell upon, was that he and the others were suffering from acute alcoholism, combined with the effects of nerve-shattering peril and exposure. Hence the magic! That a wizard should control such an island, was demanded by the beliefs of all seafarers of that date.

Accept this theory and you will concede that the *Tempest* came to the manager sanely and normally in the course of his daily life. He may have been casting about for a new play, he may have purposed to vamp an old one, say *Aurelio and Isabella*. . . . But it is all Prospero's wealth against Caliban's pig-nuts, that to him in a receptive hour, sent by Heaven, entered the original Stephano, fresh from the seas and half-seas over. To him Stephano told his tale all in one piece, a two hours' discourse of most glorious absurdities. His profligate abundance of detail at the beginning, when he was more or less sober, supplied and surely established the earth-basis of the play, in accordance with the great law that a story, to be truly miraculous, must be ballasted with facts. His maunderings of magic and incomprehensible ambushes when he was without reservation drunk—and this is just the time when a lesser-minded man than Shakespeare would have paid the reckoning and turned him out—suggested to the manager the peculiar note of its supernatural mechanism. Truly it was a dream, but that there may be no doubt of its source or of his obligation, Shakespeare has also made the dreamer immortal."

Thus far Kipling. I do not of course commit myself to his hypothesis of the drunken sailor or to all the details he indicates, but I think he is right in supposing that Shakespeare had other sources of information about the island of the wreck than the printed accounts, and that they were of a much more colloquial and popular character. How else explain the geographical and climatic coincidences and the like? Evidently Shakespeare had a far homelier and completer picture

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in his mind's eye, when he described the enchanted region, than he could obtain from the formal narratives. Not indeed that he identifies the two localities. He still nominally leaves his scene somewhere in the Mediterranean or at least off Africa. He even finds it advisable to tell us that his island is *not* Bermuda and makes Ariel say that he was once sent on a distant errand to fetch dew

"From the still-vex'd Bermoothes".

But this does not interfere with the fact that Bermuda has furnished the landscape, the chart, the sights, the sounds, the climate, the ailments, of the sea-girt plot of marvels. Now Shakespeare's borrowing traits from a recent voyage of discovery and colonisation had one important result. It added a distinctively contemporary element to the medley of legend and romance that the other sources supplied. It brought the theme within the sphere of current experiences and enterprises and problems. It invited the dramatist to touch on matters that arose with the attempts to explore and settle the new world, beyond the Atlantic.

We know that Shakespeare, like most of his generation, was a lover of Travellers' Tales. Othello, *e.g.* in the account of his adventures, does not confine himself to the "moving accidents by flood and field" in the places that would naturally occur to him, but reaches his climax in stories of

". . . the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

There is evidence that besides the accounts of Somers' shipwreck and the Bermudas, Shakespeare had recourse to several other books of a similar nature in this very play. Caliban speaks of his "dam's god Setebos" and the name comes from the translation of Magellan's *Voyage to the South Pole* published in 1577, where the giants of Patagonia are described as worshipping "a great devil they call Setebos". Or again, the following passage occurs in a translation of the *Travels of Marco Polo*, published in 1579; where it is said of the Desert of Lob: "You shall hear in the air the sound of tabors and other instruments, to put travellers in fear, and to make them lose their way, and to depart their company and lose themselves: and by that means many do die, being deceived so by evil spirits that make those sounds, and also do call divers of the travellers by their names." So too in the play, Ariel, invisible according to the stage direction (III.ii.133), plays a tune on tabor and pipe; and Caliban to comfort his allies tells them that the isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs, sometimes a thousand twangling instruments, sometimes voices that make him sleep and dream again. And when Ariel maddens the

three chief criminals and 'departs their company', Alonzo seems to hear the wind and waves speaking, and the thunder pronouncing the name of Prosper. Or, once more, Gonzalo asks (III.iii.43) :

"When we were boys
Who would believe . . . that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts?"

This like the similar allusion in *Othello* seems to be got from Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana*, published in 1596, when this fable is commended to credence on the statements of the Guiana natives.

There is thus abundant proof that Shakespeare was greatly interested in and well acquainted with the Elizabethan literature of travel and navigation.

Now among the marvels of which the explorers told, none perhaps excited more astonishment than the existence of the uncivilised races which they came across, their beliefs, their customs, their characters. Of course they were very differently described, partly because in point of fact they did greatly differ from each other, but probably in a greater degree, because of the different attitudes of the observers. Raleigh, to his credit be it said, adopted the charitable and common-sense position that they were mere backward brethren of the great human family, and that it was the duty of a Christian nation to control, instruct and elevate them; in his tracts we get the first hint of the "white man's burden", as we understand it to-day. But men of more rigid principles were not so complacent; they looked on the savages, the barbarians, the cannibals, as heathen reprobates, given over to their own devices, steeped in all manner of cruelty and depravity; and this attitude was confirmed, as the difficulties of the colonists with the native races became more pressing and practical. But there were not wanting persons, who utterly dissented from such a point of view, and going beyond even the humane tolerance of Raleigh, anticipated the craze of Rousseau and the 18th century sentimentalists for the Noble Savage. According to them the half-clad or unclad inhabitants of the New World were the perfect specimens of uncorrupted manhood. They had not been perverted by the artificial civilisation of Europe: they were as nature would have them. The deficiencies in their social, legal and political arrangements seemed an excellence in comparison with the tyranny of existing institutions; their very failings, among which had to be reckoned a tendency to torture and eat their neighbours, leaned to virtue's side. If we did not appreciate them and called them Barbarians, that only showed that we were blinded by our conventional standards.

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This above all was the thesis of one who was certainly free from all such prejudices, and indeed prejudices of any kind, that most ingenious and suggestive of sceptics, the French essayist, Montaigne. Montaigne was perhaps the greatest writer of his generation in France, and his book of essays had a powerful fascination for his younger contemporary, the greatest writer of all generations in England. Reminiscences of the essays are to be found broadcast in Shakespeare, especially in Shakespeare's best beloved play of *Hamlet*; and there is evidence in the *Tempest* that he had been reading and pondering and criticising that particular essay, the 31st, entitled "Concerning Cannibals", in which Montaigne celebrates the glories of the gentle savage.

"It is a nation", writes Montaigne as translated by Florio in 1603, "that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate nor of political authority, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle, no respect of kindred but common, no apparel but natural, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corn or mettle. The very words that imply lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, pardon, were never heard amongst them."

This is clearly the original of Gonzalo's Utopian fancy (II.i.143):

"Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

And were the king on 't, what would I do?

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none: contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

(*Seb.* Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.)

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people."

In the *Tempest*, however, this description is introduced humorously as the whimsical ideal picture of an imaginary community—Sebastian and Antonio point out one of its absurdities: in Montaigne

it is given as the true statement of what actually prevailed among the natives of Brazil. But it shows, as has already been said, that Shakespeare had been studying the essay, and as will presently appear, it is extremely important to know what Montaigne's train of thought really was.

He begins by insinuating that we are no more justified in speaking of these folks as savages than the Greeks were justified in speaking of the Romans as barbarians. "At what time King Pyrrhus came into Italy, after he had surveyed the martialling of the army which the Romans sent against him, 'I wot not', said he, 'what barbarous men these are . . . but the disposition of this army which I see, is nothing barbarous'." Now Montaigne has had at first hand an account of the inhabitants of Brazil (which from the French efforts to appropriate it, was called Antarctic France) and maintains:

"I find, as far as I have been informed, there is nothing in that nation that is either barbarous or savage, unless men call that barbarism, which is not common to themselves; as indeed we have no other test of truth and reason than the examples and ideas of the opinions and customs of the countries we live in. *There* is ever perfect religion, perfect policy, perfect and complete use of all things. The others are ever savages, as we call those fruits wild which nature of herself and of her ordinary progress hath produced, whereas indeed these, which ourselves have altered by our artificial devices and diverted from their common order, we should rather term savage. In the former are the true and most profitable virtues, and natural properties most lively and vigorous, which in the latter are bastardized, applying them for the pleasure of our corrupted palates. And if notwithstanding in diverse fruits of those countries which were never tilled, we shall find that in respect of ours they are most excellent and as delicate to our taste, there is no reason art gain the palm over our great and puissant mother nature. We have so much by our inventions surcharged the beauties and riches of her works, that we have altogether over-choaked her: yet wherever her purity shineth, she makes our vain and frivolous enterprises wonderfully ashamed. . . . All our endeavour or wit cannot so much as reach to represent the nest of the least birdlet, its contrivance, beauty, profit and use, no, nor the web of the silly spider. Those nations therefore seem only in this sense barbarous unto me, because they have received very little fashion from human wit, and are still near their original naturality. The laws of nature still command them (who are but little bastardized by ours) and that with such purity as I am sometimes grieved the knowledge of it came no sooner to light, at what time there were men, better than we, could have judged of it. I am sorry, I say, Lycurgus and Plato had it not, for meseemeth, what in those nations we see by experience doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith daring poetry hath proudly embellished the Golden Age, and all her quaint inventions to feign a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of the philosophers themselves. *They* could not imagine a genuitie so pure and simple as we see by experience, nor ever believe our society might be maintained with so little art and human combination."

Then follows the descriptive passage that Shakespeare has adapted to the mouth of Gonzalo; after which Montaigne rapturously exclaims:

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"How dissonant would Plato find even his imaginary commonwealth from this perfection. These are men new sprung from the gods—*Viri a diis recentes* . . . *His natura modos primum dedit*: Nature at first uprise their manners did devise."

And Nature too is their prompter, Montaigne goes on to argue, in regard to the laxity of their family arrangements and the extreme easiness of their sexual relations. How liberal, simple and spontaneous are their usages as compared with the intolerant restrictions on innate and wholesome impulses—the artificial fetters we forge for ourselves in our civilised conceptions.

Montaigne admits the cannibal practices of some of his protégés, but these he passes over lightly. Did not certain of the stoic philosophers maintain there was no harm in eating the human carcase at need? He also admits that they torture their enemies; that however is no evidence of their cruelty, but rather of their nobility in an eccentric form; for they derive no material benefit from the sufferings of their captives, but these minister to their sense of superiority and their self-respect, in so far as their foes are forced to succumb to them. Montaigne does not go the length of defending cannibalism and torture, but at least they have their respectable side, and after all they are much less heinous than the common vices of civilisation: "There was never", he says, "any theory found so unnatural and immodest that would excuse treasons, treachery, disloyalty, tyranny and such like, which are our ordinary faults." The pre-eminence therefore of these primitive nations is evident. "We may call them barbarous in respect of Reason's rules, but not in respect of *us* that exceed them in all kinds of barbarism." And he sums up his praise in the sentence: "They are yet in that happy estate, as they desire no more than what their natural necessities direct them; whatever is beyond that, is to them superfluous."

Now we may imagine with what interest Shakespeare would read a plea like this, all the more so that it agreed with a certain bias in his own nature. He perceived all the corruptions of civilisation at least as clearly as Montaigne, and there is hardly a play in which he does not gibe at them. He quite understood the excellence of a simpler, more natural existence, and no one has described it more attractively than he, in the *Forest Scenes* of *As You Like It*, the *Pastoral Scenes* of the *Winter's Tale*, the *Mountain Scenes* of *Cymbeline*, or, we may add, the *Island Scenes* of the *Tempest*. But Shakespeare was too level-headed a man to be betrayed into fantastic extremes. He could distinguish between the uses and abuses of civilisation, and was not misled by Montaigne's half-humorous special pleading into giving

Nature more than her due. He does not believe that man, apart from social culture, is the most perfect man, though he does believe that social culture harbours many evils. When we look at his fascinating pictures of the simple life, we find that his persons are never real rustics, but men and women with all the instincts and traditions of civilisation behind them, who have for the time adopted, as it were, a disguise. In *As You Like It* the banished Duke and Rosalind and Jaques and the rest are no mere woodlanders born and bred, but ladies and gentlemen who carry their training with them into a freer atmosphere. In the *Winter's Tale* Perdita is no real shepherdess like Mopsa or Dorcas, but a princess whose innate dignity and inherited refinement shine through her country garb. In *Cymbeline* the royal lads are no mere mountaineers but have learned from their foster father, who knows the court, the council, the camp. And in the *Tempest* Miranda is anything but an untaught child of nature. Prospero expressly tells her (I.ii.171):

". . . here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful."

And the wise Prospero had many other qualifications for teaching her than mere carefulness.

Shakespeare's whole attitude is a thoroughly critical and discriminative one. Society contains much that is conventional, much that is depraved, but we cannot get the development of the human spirit without that social co-operation and mutual service that result in civilisation. We may escape from it for a time to a more primitive life, and such experience may be very wholesome and beneficial. It will refresh the mind and further will show by contrast where civilisation has gone off the true lines, and become merely pretentious and debased. But nevertheless society and civilisation are the goal.

This adjustment of, and therefore variation from Montaigne's position, colours the whole play. Sometimes it is an undercurrent, tacit and latent: sometimes it streams on the surface, open and express. Take, *e.g.*, the glorification of unreclaimed nature and unsophisticated passion in the ingenious and stimulating essay. Whatever Montaigne may say, it is not the wildling berries of the virgin soil, but the grain of the plough land, the fruit of the orchard close, that best reveal the bounty of the earth: it is not the quarry of the hunter, but the flocks and herds of the grazier and drover that most amply supply the food and raiment of mankind. And just in the same way, it is not by casual indulgence in the intoxication of impulse, but by submission to the

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restraints, the responsibilities, the prescriptions of marriage (as determined primarily in the interests not of the individuals concerned, but of the community, present and future) that love itself attains its truest and worthiest growth. Shakespeare is here in agreement with Milton's famous invocation of the "mysterious law" of wedlock:

"by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of Father, Son and Brother first were known . . .
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels,"

I cannot, except as a covert protest against Montaigne's theories, understand many passages in the *Tempest*, which at the outset strike one as discordant and incongruous, but which from this point of view become quite relevant and appropriate. When, *e.g.*, Ferdinand is led unheeding through the "lush and lusty" but lonesome and uncultivated island, by the song of Ariel, the words are by no means such as we should at first expect from Prospero's dainty spirit. Indeed they have an everyday and almost commonplace ring:

"Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! Now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
.
.
.
Hark, hark! Bow, wow,
The watch dogs bark: Bow, wow,
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow."

But what is their real purpose? Is it not to voice Ferdinand's own regrets, on the one hand, for the loss of his father and the breach of family life, and on the other for the loss of the homely rural township of the thriving countryside? Amidst the wilderness of sweets through which he moves, he is lured on by music that tells of church bells and other familiar village sounds.

So, too, Prospero's insistence to Ferdinand on the "sanctimonious ceremonies" ministered with full and holy rites, through which courtship must be led by Hymen's lamps, may to many seem not only superfluous but jarring and out of place, and doubly so from its emphatic repetition. Why this urgency of admonition in a situation where most readers feel that it is neither obviously nor poetically requisite? Why indeed, if the poet had not in his mind, as a mischievous heresy, Montaigne's apology for the lawfulness of untrammelled impulse?

But not content with these direct indications, Shakespeare has recourse to another expedient, which, from not being understood, has often laid the play open to adverse criticism.

The device by which Shakespeare's opposition is shown, if only in an allusive though very emphatic way, is the play within the play, the spectacle within the spectacle. He was particularly fond of this contrivance, which he uses in comedy and tragedy, in history and romance, from *Titus Andronicus* and *Love's Labour Lost*, which are among his earliest productions, to the *Tempest* and *Henry VIII*, which are the latest. He employs it in all sorts of forms, from a miniature drama to a rustic mummary, and for all sorts of purposes, from helping out the plot, as in *Hamlet*, to supplying a little local colour as in the *Winter's Tale*. In the *Tempest* it occupies a sort of intermediate position. It is by no means essential to the story, but it has evidently more than a merely decorative intention. Prospero exhibits this 'vanity of his art' (IV.i.41) to the young couple as a kind of nuptial masque, like one of those that so frequently in that age formed part of the entertainment, when a marriage in high life was to be celebrated. But it was the aim of such a performance to go beyond the empty display, and explain, in appropriate symbolic fashion, the spirit of the particular occasion. Now for such emblematic pageants, classic mythology offered a wealth of topics. After more than three centuries of familiarity, it has become trite and insipid to us, and we see only with a feeling of irksomeness, the old thread-bare deities once more called upon to adorn a tale. We cannot realise the wonder and enthusiasm of those whose eyes were newly opened to all "the fair humanities" of old religion. Shakespeare especially had his heart and fancy kindled by the gracious fables, read, no doubt, chiefly in translations, that were unhackneyed to him, and that were an unsuspected revelation of beauty and delight. Note the way in which he invariably refers to them. He does not adopt them as fashionable furniture for his poetry. He sees them as vividly as any Greek, not from the same point of view, but as definitely and distinctly. Thus he personifies the sun as "the fire-robed god, golden Apollo". Thus he described the messenger of Jove, as just descended from the sky to the highest peaks of earth:

"The Herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

If he recurs to the old tale of

". . . that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered."

he cannot leave it as he found it. He has seen it for himself and adds new touches: he has noted how the maiden in her terror drops from the chariot the spring-tide blossoms she has been plucking:

"O Proserpina
For the flowers now that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon."

He has even observed what they were—daffodils, violets, primroses, lilies, and the rest. These pagan imaginings are all real to him.

But he knew that they were imaginings; he could give them only poetic faith; and to do even this (like other men of the Renaissance who would not identify the Gods with the fiends, as Milton does except when he forgets) he had to be very much in earnest about their symbolic functions. He takes them as the embodiments of certain principles, as creatures of the imagination that lend, as it were, form and individuality to various powers and tendencies in the life of nature and man. It is in this way that he uses them, when he gives them any prominence in his design, and it is in this way that he uses them here. It would be hard to stress more strongly than he has done the figurative character of these "demi-puppets" (to use his own phrase) in the spirit show, or more expressly to insist on their office of representing sundry human interests.

Here then (IV.i.60) we have what is virtually a marriage-masque, and, as such, it is bound to bear a special reference to the business on hand and the particular situation and condition of things. Further, it employs the machinery of classical mythology, that Shakespeare in his own way realised so perfectly and that to him was a treasure of metaphorical suggestion. Clearly, then, we may expect to find in it some half-veiled exposition of the drift of the play, and I think it very unambiguously sets forth Shakespeare's dissent from some of Montaigne's paradoxes. Surely it emphasises the superiority of social arrangements and toilsome industry over the windfalls of gratified inclination and the casual alms of boon natures. For consider the scene, the persons, and their words. Iris, envoy of Juno, messenger of hope, the "many-coloured" mistress of the "watery arch"—of the showers and sunshine that make the flowers grow and be "scarf" to the "proud earth"—appears not on the rank herbage of the wild, but on the "short-grass'd green", the green, that is, that is trimmed by man or cropped by his flocks. Her errand is to Ceres, Goddess of the well-tilled fields and well-stocked mead, not of shaggy wood and tangled brake. She bids that "most bounteous lady", in honour of a contract of true love, leave (IV.i.60)

"Thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas,
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep."

For Ceres presides over all the fertile ground from the uplands to the sea, and from the broom groves for rambles and revery to the rocky shore for invigoration and defence.

And the mandate does not come from Venus, the awakener of undisciplined desire, who (as we are expressly told) caused the loss of Proserpine to the sunshine world. It is Juno, who sends the summons and will grace the festival; Juno, of whom Shakespeare sang in *As You Like It*, marriage is "great Juno's crown"; Juno the guardian of ordered love and family life, who presently bestows on the pair (IV.i.106)

". . . marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing."

And in the concluding dance, the Naiads, directly addressed as "temperate nymphs", with something of the pure and cleansing quality of their own element, on the margin of which grow the flowers and sedges that yield them their "chaste crowns", encounter, not with Fawns and Sylvans, as traditional convention might lead us to anticipate and might seem to require, but with the laborious cultivators of the soil, the "sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary", who join them, not in dishevelled orgies but in honest "country footing". All this surely explains itself. The symbolism of classical mythology could not be carried further to declare the supremacy of civilisation with its tasks and restraints over the unschooled and haphazard improvidence, or perhaps one should rather say, the *insouciance*, of primitive humanity.

What then becomes of the mere natural man—the savage, the cannibal—as Montaigne had depicted him? Shakespeare could be under no illusions in regard to him. He must view him as very low in the scale of being; as untouched by the influences that had for centuries been moulding the nobler civilised type, and therefore as practically beyond the reach of noticeable elevation in any limited time. He would not be corrupt, like the degraded products of civilisation, for corruption implies some degree of previous excellence; but he would be brutal and base, with every higher quality unawakened, the slave of his appetites and material suggestions, with ideas little different from animal instincts, with no better than sensuous enjoyments, with only a vague glimmer of reason, that would often serve but to lead him astray. In short, in reaction from Montaigne's fancy sketch, and reading the true facts of the case through the traveller's tales with which he was

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familiar, Shakespeare portrayed the real primitive man as Caliban. The best explanation of the name is that it is an anagram for Canibal, the type that Montaigne had so exalted. It has been argued against this derivation that there is nothing anthropophagous about him. But neither is the eating of human flesh a trait of the cannibals on which Montaigne lays much stress, and indeed the word Cannibal does not necessarily mean a man-eater. It is a mispronunciation of the Spanish Caribal or Carib. Now the Caribs were man-eaters, hence its later significance. But at first it was applied by extension to savage tribes, generally, that in any respect whatever resembled the Caribs.

I think there can be little doubt that Shakespeare in Caliban intended, in the first instance, to give the real facts which Montaigne had so vigorously idealised, and the whole description of him, by the very contrast it presents, is pervaded by haunting reminiscences of Montaigne. They rise to the surface in the minutest details. Thus Montaigne in his enthusiasm, hails the cannibals as men "fresh sprung from the gods", "*virī a diīs recentes*", but Caliban is a creature, "*diabolo recens*", the latest progeny of the Devil.

And I think that Mr. Moulton has hardly been fanciful in discovering in Caliban's relations with Prospero a sort of poetic and prophetic picture of the relations of the aborigines with the representatives of civilisation, except when missionary zeal and devotion have intervened. It is all sketched out in advance with Shakespeare's unerring prescience, in one brief colloquy (I.ii). First we have the dispossession of the savage by the white man (line 331):

"This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me."

But it is not immediately felt to be a wrong. On the one hand the stranger adopts the native as his ward and tries to educate him, while on the other the native in mutual interchange of good offices shows him the resources of the land (line 333):

"Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me, would'st give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile."

But the moral gulf between the two is too wide to admit of equal intercourse (line 358):

" . . . thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with."

There is nothing for it but strong domination by the intruder, a domination like the original seizure, only to be justified by his spiritual superiority (line 360) :

"Therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison."

So the blessing of civilisation is turned to its opposite (line 363) :

"You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse."

And to complete the picture, we see how new arrivals bestow on Caliban one dubious gift that accompanies civilisation—the gift of intoxicating drink.

In this way, I think that Caliban undoubtedly presents in the first place man in his most elementary and backward phase, as he is just emerging from the condition of the brute; and indeed one clever writer in a book called *The Missing Link* has tried to show that he exactly corresponds to the transitional creature that the Darwinian theory requires. This does not exhaust his meaning. Shakespeare goes on to employ him in a deeper and more symbolic sense, sometimes as the baser element in any community, sometimes as the baser element in our individual nature. But it seems to me certain that the first conception of him came to the poet from a study of the crude humanity among those cannibals that Montaigne half in sport had held up as paragons.

Observe however, Shakespeare's impartiality. He is just even to Caliban, who is coarse and bestial but not absolutely at the bottom of the scale. That place is reserved for those who disgrace civilisation and have learned from it nothing but its vices, its vulgar vices like Stephano and Trinculo, its villainous vices like Sebastian and Antonio. In contrast to the former pair, who always talk in plebeian prose, Caliban's speech (as has often been pointed out) is invariably rhythmic; he has a dim feeling for the sweet and sinister influences of Nature, and his language, though exclusively sensuous, has a sensuous poetry of its own. Moreover it has well been noted that when he kneels to Stephano, he is the nobler of the two, just because he has, though woefully misplaced, the capacity for reverence which the other lacks. And in contrast to the second pair, he can at least learn from his errors, though in a moment of dejection Prospero seems to think even that impossible. It is all very well for them to mock at him in the last scene, but they might with advantage take a lesson from his final words. When Prospero bids him go to the cell and trim it handsomely, he is now eager to obey: he desires pardon from his

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master and perceives his folly in deifying the drunken butler. Worse than barbarism, though he is under no misapprehension about that, is artificial corruption, in Shakespeare's eyes. He quite agrees with Montaigne that disloyalty, treason, coldness of heart are blacker vices than the crass brutality of Caliban; and an alteration he made in his story on the hint of Genoese history enabled him to set forth such depravities in a very hateful shape, for it gave him examples of aggressive perfidy on the part of a neighbouring prince and of merciless ambition on the part of a younger brother.

These then are materials which Shakespeare used for the structure of the *Tempest*. Attempts have been made to show that in other respects it has historical foundations, but I do not think they have been successful or even merit notice.

INADMISSIBLE PUBLICATIONS

("The importation from Germany and Austria of all literature except that approved by the Minister for Customs of a scientific or religious nature, or intended for use of public institutions in the Commonwealth, is still prohibited." After reading this announcement in the newspapers of Friday, April 16, 1920, the writer seemed to have a dream, which was so vivid that of itself it fell into a kind of dramatic shape. He contributed a sketch of it to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, April 24, 1920.) Reprint by kind consent of Proprietors.

DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD

Scene; a vaulted room: Date, 1611.

The Comptroller of Customs for the King's Majesty, Master Robert Shallow, formerly Justice of the Peace, discovered sitting at a table.

SHALLOW (*to attendant*): "Complaineth that he hath suffered incommodity from our people? Well, let him in." (*Enter Shakespeare.*)

"Now, sirrah, what is thy name and what thy calling?"

SHAKE: "Your worship, I am Will Shakespeare, one of the King's poor players at the Globe."

SHAL: "So, a rogue and a vagabond. And what is thy suit?"

SHAKE: "Sir, Master Leonard Digges, a gentleman of high account in the Oxford Schools, and now journeying in Spain, hath of his courtesy sent me a book, set forth now some half dozen years ago, which he commends for its excellent wit, bidding me therewith refresh mine own: but your officers have declared it forfeit under the new proclamation."

SHAL: "In the which they have but done their duty as discreet servitors and true subjects. Doth not this book come from our old enemy of Spain? Is it not writ in their scurvy jargon? But mayhap thou canst show that it is excepted and privileged. Go to, then: is it a book of religion, a godly book?"

SHAKE: "Scarce may I say so. My knowledge thereof is but small, but methinks it is busy with affairs of this world."

SHAL: "Then, belike, it is a book of learning: for such may pass through, if it be of the right sort."

SHAKE: "Nay, your worship, it is no book of learning, as Master Bacon meaneth it in his treatise for its advancement. It deals not with stars or winds or this set globe. It doth little but recount the mad humours and quaint devices of a Spanish knight who would bring in anew the use of chivalry, and intermingles therein many tales of rare and facetious invention. My singular good friend and helper, Jack Fletcher, hath oft

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importuned me to shape to a play, he aiding me, one of these that tells the adventures of the love-struck Cardenio: and your worship knoweth, he hath already with his gossip, Frank Beaumont, drawn from that treasury his comical history of the Knight of the Burning Pestle, which sans question bred laughter in your worship when you saw it."

SHAL: "What! I see a stage play, or (good sooth!) laugh at it! Thou knave, thou knave, thou naughty knave! If such be the quality of thy forbidden book, that it furnishes matter for poets, players, and such-like caterpillars of the Commonwealth, then is it under double ban. Thou and thy mates get no countenance of Robert Shallow; the less, if ye fetch from Dons and Devils the wares for your scurril trade."

SHAKE: "Bethink you, sir, I humbly pray you, that the late deceased worthy, Sir Philip Sidney, whose name is graven in all good English hearts, and is loved even of the preciser sort, was none-the-less a cherisher of poetry and masques: nay, his never-to-be-forgotten *Arcadia* hath many loans from the Spanish books. Likewise the ingenious Master John Lily hath sweetened the profitable doctrine of his *Euphues* with graces stole from the feigned history of Guevara: and what these great ones did, may not we, though unworthy, try to do?"

SHAL: "Saucy varlet! Dost thou chop logic and bandy words with me? Knowest thou not that Sir Philip, and Master Lily, too, read those Spaniards' books before the war? And now, like all true lovers of their country they would turn from them and see no good in them, and spit on them and utterly abhor them."

SHAKE: "By your favour, I am a lover of my country, as true as any the best: and oft-times have I told my love in certain chronicle plays that are liked well of them that witnessed them, albeit they are beneath your worship's regard. By my soul, ever to the top of my weak powers have I pained me to do honour to this realm of England: and when Burbage hath spoke my lines, how she is bound in with the triumphant sea and can shock the four quarters of the world in arms, he hath been most tyrannically clapped by all the loyal hearers, from the gallants of the Court to the prentices of Cheapside. Yea, and they have stirred the hearts of our valiant sea men in their far-off hazards: ask but Captain Keeling of the King's ship the *Dragon*, or Captain Hawkins of the *Hector*.

Sir, I owe you reverence for your place, in that you stand for the King's Most Excellent Majesty: but, by your leave, no man shall make question of my loyalty,—not if all the estates of the realm were compacted in his sole body—and for nought but this, that I would fain with enemy wits scour mine own, and burnish them for brighter use. But enough of this. You say that Sir Philip, the all-commended Astrophel, and Master Lily, the glass of courtiers, did they yet live, would dispraise their aforetime studies, and consent that they be barred. But, an this were so, it is like they would mete no better measure to books on the wisdom of nature and on questions of belief. For the first: the Spaniards have many curious inventions, especially in the art of war, which the evil-disposed might use rather to hurt than to help, so that, as Master Bacon puts it in his pretty conceit, these *beneficia* would haply turn to *veneficia*. And for the other: who knoweth not that the opinion of Spain on matters of the faith hath an ill savour in this land, and if it hath free entry among the general, it may unsteady the weaker and giddier sort."

SHAL: "Fellow, wilt thou be wiser than thy betters? Enough for thee, that thy governours set no let on learning natural or spiritual; this always understood, that such learning compriseth not humane letters: and it manifestly appeareth that thy book pertains to neither kind allowed of the law. Howbeit, in our lenity, we forbid not such orts and abjects as thou dost affect, to public institutions. But this availeth thee not in thy plea; for (I will be merry with thee), tell me now: wilt thou say, thou art a public institution?"

SHAKE: "An it please your worship, not yet."

SHAL: "Not yet! Marry, come up! How this cockerel crows! He babbles, as he would swell to the dignity of the worshipful company of fishmongers! But thou catchest no fish of me. Away with thee and no more words. Yet stay. That thou mayst see our kind and fair dealing, and that we sound each cause to the bottom, or ever we condemn it, say first how this book is named and who is its author, for i' faith as yet they have not told me."

SHAKE: "Sir, neither do I know of a certainty. But my neighbour, Tom Shelton, hath in hand to English a copy he brought with him from oversea, and of late he showed me the first pages which he hath writ out fair. If I mind me right, the superscription ran: 'The delightful History of the wittie

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knight, Don Quishote'; and Shelton saith the author is noised to be one Miguel Cervantes."

SHAL: "Out on thee! Miggles, the Servant! Servant of whom? But I know. He is as familiar to me as my glove, for precious brother Zeal-of-the-land Busy spake of him to me but newly. He was of old servant and soldier to the Spanish tyrant, and came home a groatless cripple from the Spanish Wars. A right requital from such masters; for he hath used good words of the merciless Alva, and sought favours from men of the Inquisition. And now, after a youth mis-spent in writing vain amatorious fopperies, he plays the wit-cracker to earn a dole of black-bread and onions. No, Master Malapert, thou shalt not read one page of this ill-minded enemy mountebank; and would that I could take order for thy reading in our own tongue and in those of Italy and France, as I do in that of our old adversary. Marry, it is well thought on; this must be looked into: I will speak thereof to Mr. Secretary. What more wholesome for the Commonwealth than that I or my like should fix their diet for the minds of the rascal vulgar? Meanwhile, begone, thou play-acting fellow, with this flea in thine ear. Will Shakespeare shall not read a word of Miggles the Servant's *Donkey Shot*, or any other Spanish foolery: I Robert Shallow have spoken, and I am the law."

It was a dream, and at this point the dreamer awoke in laughter at its absurdity for who in waking moments could imagine the authorities in Shakespeare's age so foolish as to forbid the import of literature from an enemy or formerly enemy country?

UNIVERSITY INFLUENCE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY
ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1ST, 1902, ON THE OCCASION OF THE
UNIVERSITY JUBILEE.

Mr. Chancellor, Ladies and Gentlemen—

In regard to most Universities it may be difficult to say what was the motive cause that brought them into existence, the germinal idea from which they have grown. Such is not the case with the University of Sydney. Whatever we may owe to the pious aspirations and tentative efforts of his predecessors, it is with Wentworth's intervention that our history begins; and he has left a clear and unmistakable record of the conception he formed of the function of the University, the conception that enlisted his energy, influence and eloquence on behalf of the scheme. As he told the Council when recommending to them what he said would be "their crowning act", "their crowning mercy", the new institution was "to enlighten the mind, to refine the understanding, and to elevate their fellow-men."

This then is the *raison d'être* of Sydney University, not merely a characteristic that has belonged to it from birth, but the very principle of its life; what in certain by-gone systems of philosophy would have been termed its *virtue* or its *form*. Doubtless a corporate organism is not quite the same as an animal organism. The latter, however much it may be affected by its habitat, its food, the thousand and one chances of its environment, can never lay aside its original nature or change into something else. The former, with the same name and much the same resources and personnel, may have its purpose so altered as to be barely recognisable. Still it will seldom altogether break with its history or belie its origin, and in the present case it has not done so.

It is perfectly true that the University of Sydney now possesses professional schools, in all of which one object is to enable the student to earn his living, and in some of which one object is to increase the material resources of the State. But the justification of these in the economy of the University is that their training, by the knowledge it involves and the methods it enforces, has its own place in a system of advanced instruction. Not only in the theoretical sciences and the liberal arts, but in the practical departments of Medicine, Engineering, Law, Mining, and in others that may yet be added, it is claimed that the requisite discipline promotes such insight into principles, such exact observation, calculation and inference, as themselves constitute an intellectual education. No one is less competent than I from

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experience to form an opinion on such a subject, but I venture to support the assertion of those who are better able to do so; for it seems pretty clear that there are very many mansions in the house of culture, and very many doors to each, moving "on such strange geometrical hinges that you may open them both ways", as well by theory as by practice; and that access to them is afforded both by general knowledge and by specialism.

I assume then that the purpose set forth by Wentworth is still being fulfilled and is still the main purpose of the University. It is combined in various measures with other purposes, but this is an essential element in all departments and a predominant element in some.

Now, is this as it ought to be? There are not wanting in this community and in the general community of the English-speaking races critics to disparage precisely this, which we take to be the distinctive note of the University. If one could get them to utter their real thoughts they would say that the pursuit of material affluence ought to be the first object of all who are still without it, and that with a view to this they should mould their lives. In so far as advanced teaching ministers to this, they would tolerate it, but they would scan its claims to help man in the race for riches with grave suspicion, and all of it that could not be shown to *pay*, in the most literal sense of the word, they would reject.

That such are the latent sentiments of many I feel sure from this, that they have received quite frank exposition in the writings of a self-made millionaire, who is no mere worshipper of Mammon, but a credit to his class, a man of active philanthropy, with some real width of outlook, with no small gift of literary utterance. What Mr. Carnegie, the munificent founder of libraries in the United Kingdom and the United States, the benefactor of the Scottish Universities, the author of books, which, whatever else one may say of them, are written with great directness and vigour—what he says on such a subject may well be taken as expressing the feeling of large numbers with whose opinion the Universities have to reckon. And when he says it, he does not, to use the homely German metaphor, wear a leaf before his mouth. No doubt he owns that the University course may be a good thing to the leisured classes and a necessary thing to the professional. No doubt he even owns that it may give "higher tastes and aims" and "a world to enjoy, into which the mere millionaire can never enter". But these admissions are after-thoughts, which Mr. Carnegie seems to insert on reviewing his spontaneous utterance. He is too able a man not to see their urgency, but they do not come to him

when he is putting his case, and they do not affect the drift of his argument. His ideal is the "fortunate poor young man" who, by honourable and assiduous efficiency, which home influences and innocent recreations keep in due repair, amasses a huge fortune, and then employs it for the benefit of his fellows.

I think this is a fair statement of Mr. Carnegie's attitude. It appears in advice like this: "Do not rest content for a moment in your thoughts as head-clerk or foreman, or general manager in any concern, no matter how extensive. Say each to yourself, my place is at the top. *Be King in your Dreams*. Make your vow that you will reach that position with untarnished reputation, and make no other vow to distract your attention"—except the vow of marriage, when you can afford it. To fit a man for the strain thus imposed, Mr. Carnegie inculcates a taste for reading, though, if on subjects apart from his occupation, chiefly as a relaxation, and therefore chiefly for the reading of novels, good works of fiction, "being when one is exhausted in mind and body, and especially in mind", among the best means of enjoyment and rest; and he gives a very good list of novelists from this point of view. Finally, in regard to the attainment, he adds the weighty admonition: "As an end the acquisition of wealth is ignoble in the extreme. I assume that you save and long for wealth only as a means of enabling you the better to do some good in your day and generation."

These things then seem to give the gist of Mr. Carnegie's ideal. I am only, for convenience sake, taking him as a typical figure, as the franker and abler exponent of views that are less articulately held here, there, and everywhere; so I do not intend to discuss how he works out this ideal in details. In them it would be easy to show, as some of his critics have done, a good many odd contradictions and mistakes. Thus he has an unmitigated contempt for the past, especially for the classical past, of which it is permissible to suppose that he knows very little, and of which he affirms that its "chief province is to teach us not what to adopt, but what to avoid", while its history is made up of the "petty and insignificant skirmishes of savages": but nevertheless he has a good word to say for Milton, half of whose inspiration, material and manner, is of classical origin. He makes no secret of looking down on the "salaried graduate", who yet, on his own admission, may, with his "higher aims and tastes", be a much more useful person than his millionaire master. He rashly asserts that "from the cottage of the poor all these (*i.e.*, teachers, martyrs, statesmen, poets, and men of affairs) spring"; which, of course, is mere claptrap. Inspiration, like the wind, bloweth whither it listeth, and in point of fact, the great achievements in the history of human progress are the monopoly of no

particular class. Mr. Carnegie has been somewhat roughly dealt with for blunders like these. Really, he was bound to make them, starting as he does from his ideal of the fortunate poor young man, cheered by family affection and refreshed by light literature, struggling by honourable means to wealth which he will use for social aims.

Now I wish to say at once that this seems to me an ideal worthy of all respect. It is infinitely preferable to no ideal at all, to an existence "everything by starts and nothing long", drifting this way and that, without anything to give it consistency and meaning. And it is infinitely preferable to some other ideals. The mere pursuit of wealth is better than the mere pursuit of pleasure or ease or comfort: apart from the additions it brings to the world's stores, it involves in the process something at least of strenuousness, concentration, self-control. And this gospel of the modern millionaire does not preach the mere pursuit of wealth. Its attainment is limited by moral provisos; it is accompanied by the humanising influences of the domestic circle, and at least by some of those of literature; it is dignified with the prospect of using the riches acquired for the benefit of mankind.

Moreover, it is an ideal that has done much for us as a race. Substituting sermons for novels, and, I fear, deducting something from Mr. Carnegie's diffusive liberality, it is not unlike the spirit that for more than two hundred years has animated the bulk of the British nation and that has carried British commerce and colonies all round the globe. We certainly do not wish that spirit to flag. We are filled with apprehension at any symptom of its doing so. The grasp of the British Empire and its constituent States and its constituent members, on the industrial and mercantile world needs to be tightened rather than relaxed, and one of the problems of the time is to infuse new intelligence and efficacy into the methods of its enterprise.

It would be childish to mistake the significance of all this. It is not merely the jingoism of trade, the pride of purse in a nation of shop-keepers, that inspires such feelings. It may be desirable to supplement this appreciation of the value of wealth with other considerations, but in itself it is perfectly legitimate and perfectly right; and will probably continue to subsist as an element in any general scheme of living. For the tendency of the modern spirit in Europe and in communities of European origin is to recognise that the results of a higher civilisation are not to be divorced from material resources. In no department can an adequate standard be reached unless the individual or the community is possessed of a certain measure of opulence, which again implies successful, earnest and unrelenting effort and thrift. Socially there cannot otherwise be any great

amelioration in the condition of the people. It is no apostle of trade or materialism, but the poet Heine who says: "We have measured lands, weighed the forces of nature, calculated industry; and, lo, we have found that if we all work, and don't live one at the cost of the other, this earth is big enough to offer every man room to build on it the cottage of his content, and that we need not refer the larger and poorer class to Heaven" as the only place where they can be happy. Or in the intellectual domain of science, the subtler researches into nature, involving as they do costly laboratories and apparatus, are impossible without accumulation of capital in private or public hands. It is the same with the elevated enjoyments of art; how without wealth are any, far less many, good pictures to be made accessible? Even books, the cheapest and most universal medium for the transmission of spiritual treasures, are not to be had in any sufficiency and variety, save in libraries that can only be provided by the power of gold. Take even the typical examples of those who, in modern times, have lived for the contemplative life and reduced their physical wants to a minimum. Take Spinoza, earning a frugal livelihood by polishing optical glasses that he might be unfettered in his thought; or Wordsworth communing with nature among his mountains, and content with the coarsest clothes and the simplest fare. Would they have become what they were without the study and travel for which their early resources furnished the means? And would they have been able to carry out their programme but for the fact that the one lived in a wealthy community, for whose highly specialised wants he catered; and the other was made independent by the generosity of a wealthy friend? Turn where you will, you find that though the human spirit may assert its infinitude in the austerest restrictions, though in Hamlet's words, it might be bounded by a nutshell, and not only be counted, but be "a king of infinite space", yet to realise its possibilities, to attain its full development, it must have command of this material world.

And yet admitting all this, I think we feel that there is something wrong about Mr. Carnegie's doctrine. It is a doctrine congenial to the age and tacitly held by very many, and it is not without its cogency and nobility. Still, "make it your vow, and your only vow, to be at the top", with whatever qualifications, is not so inspiring an appeal as has sounded in the ears of the young men of other generations, whom prophets, apostles, poets, patriots, sages exhorted to count gain as dross, and vow themselves to fatherland, or liberty, or truth, or religion. I do not think it is quite so satisfactory as the ideal which Wentworth promulgated for this institution, to enlighten the mind, to refine the understanding, and to elevate mankind.

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For, in the first place, as one who is not a man of affairs may be excused a certain malicious gratification in pointing out, it is a little visionary, a little sentimental and fantastic; it shows a certain deficiency in practical common-sense. There is no infallible prescription that will turn a man into a millionaire. As was truly remarked by Iago three hundred years ago, "We cannot all be masters". If the young men Mr. Carnegie was addressing were so innocent and so romantic as to take him at his word, and register their solemn oath to attain wealth, or in his own expression, to become "Bosses", nothing is more certain than that the majority of them must be disappointed. Such a disappointment would be a small matter if they had not given their hearts to the golden dream. If they had set their affections on other things and trained their minds to an intelligent participation in the various interests, whether of pleasure or duty, that lie at the doors of us all, they would find it very tolerable to move in a subordinate sphere during their business hours, and put up with plain living plus high thinking in their leisure. This would be the resource of others of whom Mr. Carnegie has a low opinion, those who pray, "Give me neither poverty nor riches", and divide their lives between the various calls of our multiple human nature. Their ambition is practicable, and the chances are that they will realise it. But I fear that most of those who have narrowed their outlook to the one particular end of self-aggrandisement will have small reason to thank their monitor. In their hallucination of millions, they will sacrifice the modest happiness that could nourish and satisfy their souls; and one might say to them as the old gentleman in Rabelais said to Picrochole of his design to conquer a thousand kingdoms: "I am very much afraid that all this enterprise will be like the farce of the milk-jug, with which the cobbler made himself rich in his day-dreams: and then the jug being broken, had not the wherewithal for his dinner."

Even in the cases where the purpose is accomplished, one questions if it is a very desirable thing. We need not consider the danger to character which absorption in the pursuit of material success brings with it; for the hypothesis is that this danger has been victoriously withstood. We are to assume that "the Boss" has won his millions with hands unstained and heart unchilled, and is now eager to apply them liberally. But admitting all this; admitting that he is an upright man, a good family man, one who has studied his own business and read for recreation, and is actuated by the purest philanthropy, does it follow that he will wield his power aright? For remember that his money gives him enormous power. The millionaire is, if he likes, the plutocrat. He is the uncrowned king of modern society, and the divine right by

which he reigns is acknowledged by thousands of loyal subjects as fully in republics as in monarchies, perhaps even more so. Now, granting his commercial rectitude, his domestic virtues, his business efficiency and his goodwill, is he the fittest person to hold such sway? Mr. Carnegie himself is an admirable example of the type he describes. Yet surely his munificent gift to the Scottish Universities might have been more productive of good had it been freed from some of the conditions that his rather subjective estimate of the circumstances and his misappreciation of certain great interests imposed. He has his severe limitations, and he has been able to make his own caprices count more than it is expedient that they should. In one place he advises professors and professional people: "Do not invest in any business concerns whatever; the risks of business are not for such as you." It is sensible advice, as some of us have reason to know. But in countries like Germany, where a wonderful system of education is organised by experts, not by amateurs, he might possibly receive the advice in return: "Do not try to legislate on any academic matters whatever; the problems of Universities are not for such as you." Such an answer would be impossible in a British community, for in all departments we refuse to admit the infallibility of the expert and allow great scope to the mother wit of the individual. Both systems have their own advantages and disadvantages. One of the disadvantages of ours appears most strikingly when a private opinion, however honestly held, receives undue influence merely on account of the wealth of its advocate. For not all who have the means and will for princely beneficence, have the wisdom to direct it to the best ends, or, like our own Challis, the equal wisdom to sink any fads of their own, and put their resources without limitation at the disposal of those who may be expected to know. I believe that if Challis himself instead of his mere marble counterfeit could be present to-day, he would look round on us well pleased that the Senate had used his unrestricted bequest to promote the study not only of science, theoretical and applied, but of such ideal subjects as mental philosophy. Generally, however, the Emperor of Business will be a little apt, like other emperors, to insist with the best intentions on having his own crude and arbitrary notions enforced. How many instances have we of pernicious charities and crotchety foundations! And Mr. Carnegie's panacea, that the plutocrat should donate the money in his lifetime, instead of bequeathing it at his death, seems likely to make things worse rather than better. For it prevents the lawyers from exercising their philanthropic ingenuity in getting more good out of the benefaction than the benefactor intended.

SOUTHERLY

The truth is that the cult of material success, as a universal, or, indeed, an ordinary principle, means, even with such qualifications as Mr. Carnegie sees fit to introduce, a displacement in the true order of human interests. As he himself can be shown to admit. He stipulates that wealth shall be honestly come by and that it shall be usefully employed. He says that he assumes these things. They are thus his presuppositions, essential and indispensable, and as such they have the prior claim. The one is the condition and postulate, the other the purpose and goal; both, therefore, take precedence of any scheme of means. But the honesty and goodwill are moral qualities, and the ability to use wealth beneficently implies intellectual enlightenment. So it turns out that these matters, after all, must be the prime objects of the ideal fortune builder. And if only the author of the "Empire of Business" had made this explicit to himself, he would have seen things in their true perspective, and given them in their proper sequence. Amended to meet the necessities of the case, his message would have become, so to speak, a modernised version of the old precept: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And of the truth of that, very often for the individual, and almost always for the community, there can be no doubt. How do we account for the material advance of Germany in the beginning of the 20th century, but by the sturdy morality of her people, and the tenacity of thought and depth of vision that were taught her by her philosophers and poets, her Hegels and Fichtes, her Goethes and Schillers, at the beginning of the 19th? And these possessions count more than any physical prosperity. The Germany of 1802 was divided, unequipped, poor. It could be said of her that while France had the empire of the earth, and England the empire of the water, she had only the empire of the air. The Germany of 1902 has unity, authority, resources: she has her armies on land, and her fleets at sea. And yet, perhaps, the future historian of civilisation will consider that the world owes more to the Germany of a hundred years ago than to the Germany of to-day.¹

But not only are the things of the spirit productive of and superior to the things of sense, they supply the only tenure by which we can hold them. If we swerve from the more ideal aims,

"Little thinking if we work our souls as nobly as our iron",
the result will surely be the loss of the tangible wealth we prize. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you to remember that such views are not merely a devout imagination of the dreamer, the enthusiast, the recluse, but the sober conviction of every thinker worth the name who has touched on these questions at all. I suppose it would be difficult to find a mind

more immersed in practical interests than Bacon; in some ways the most typical philosopher of our race; that one, at any rate, who for a long period most fully expressed the national character. His object is to make philosophy rich and powerful, he despises solitary meditation, he hopes to extend the Kingdom of Man; *i.e.*, his control of the resources of nature. Well, even in Bacon, you will find running through his treatises and essays and aphorisms a hearty homage to the disinterested pursuit rather than to the palpable result. Here is his mature opinion on wealth: "I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue—the Roman word is better, *impedimenta*; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue: it cannot be spared, nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory." In the same spirit he has a contempt for those who prefer the experiments that bring fruit, to the experiments that bring light; say, for those who think more of the inventions of Mr. Edison than the discoveries of Lord Kelvin. He summarily dismisses the judgment of Midas, "that, being chosen judge between Apollo, president of the Muses, and Pan, God of the flocks, judged for plenty". Midas, you will remember, was the millionaire of his day, whose touch turned all things to gold, and who, for the very judgment to which Bacon refers, was accommodated with a pair of ass's ears. And of those who are too eager for immediate and positive gains, he says: "Like Atalanta they leave the course, to pick up the golden apple, interrupting their speed, and surrendering the victory."

I think, then, that not merely poetical and idealistic high-flyers, but Bacon, with his naturalism and experimentalism, would agree with Wentworth as to the function of the University, "to enlighten the mind, refine the understanding, and to elevate mankind".

I should like to say a word or two on these points. Enlightenment of the mind and refinement of the understanding—these refer, in the

¹ In "Some Reflections on the War", an address to the Sydney University Union on May 14th, 1915, the author wrote: "We are fighting for Germany almost as much as for ourselves. It would be the worst thing for her, if she were to win, and if her Moloch-cult were to obtain a new and larger lease of life. Her victory might, no doubt, be the next step to a dominion wide as the globe. What then? Does it profit a nation any more than a man to gain the whole world and lose its own soul? In the last half century Germany has come near losing her own characteristic soul. Defeat might still save her, and make her once more the old Germany that in my young days we used to love and revere; and give her back the piety, idealism and uprightness which she has been bartering away for the unrighteous Mammon of the Hohenzollerns. . . . the men of the high tolls . . . the highest tolls have been levied on the Germans themselves; for the coin in which these were paid has been virtue and honour and independence, and their fair fame in the world."

first place, to the intellectual influence which the University should exert. The elevation of mankind refers rather to the ethical and social influence.

Now the intellectual influence cannot better be summed up than in the word *culture*. It is a word that one is rather shy of using, since it has been appropriated by the "superior person", for whom we have all, I trust, a becoming detestation. But it is a good word, too good a word to resign to such hands, and it is the only one that serves my present purpose. Do not be afraid; I am not going to try to give you a definition of culture. I only wish to point out that it has at least two important aspects, and that these are indicated respectively by the two intellectual influences which Wentworth says this University should exert, the enlightenment of the mind and the refinement of the understanding.

What gives light to the mind is knowledge. But knowledge, though more or less of it is implied, is not the same as culture. We may have a knowledge of many facts, even of laws and principles, and remain quite uncultured people. The result may be merely the accumulation of comparatively useless and unvitalised information. A man may be a walking encyclopaedia, and yet be only a pedant—for there is a pedantry in science and the professions, as well as in scholarship.

Refinement of the understanding, on the other hand, refers rather to the mental activity itself. It is the process by which the intelligence is made a finer, a subtler, a more delicate instrument. And this, too, is required in culture, but is not the same thing. We have, doubtless, met many very clever persons, who are capable of the most dexterous intellectual gymnastics, whom we should refuse to call cultured men.

As inert knowledge leads to pedantry, so formal adroitness leads to sophistry. And each object, when pursued merely for itself, defeats its own aim. Knowledge, when not intelligently manipulated, soon ceases to be discriminating, confuses the great and the small, and thus, in a world where there is an infinite number of things to be known, misses the most important, and really becomes ignorance. A barren and empty cleverness, again, loses its grasp, forgets how to distinguish between the show and the substance, the plausible and the true; and ends in a fatuousness that may rightly be called stupid.

Now, of culture, whatever more may be said, I think we may say at least this: that in it each of those elements is present—in various proportions, it may be, but always in such a way that each saves the other from corruption, and enables it to fulfil its own end and the end of both. Knowledge is not merely obtained and inserted, but is so

assimilated by the mental process, that it passes, as it were, into the blood of the intelligence, and thus maintains and equips it for the acquisition of new truth. And the intelligence does not revolve in the void, consuming its own machinery, but is so exercised on the realities of things that it is not merely an activity but a storehouse. Knowledge that has life, motion, growth; intelligence that has seriousness, verity, substance—these I think you find in all true culture; and if that is so, there is no reason why we should be ashamed of the word.

Now this culture, according to our first great spokesman, it is the function of the University to create or increase. Surely he was right in this. In each one of its departments it has the double task, of imparting knowledge—but knowledge that will kindle with its own heat; and of enforcing a mental drill—but a drill that will prepare less for the parade than for battle and conquest. To fulfil this twofold object must at least be the aspiration of the highest educational institution in the State. And it cannot be questioned that such culture in both of its aspects—as knowledge from the direct intuitions of poetry to the reasoned demonstrations of mathematics—as training, from the disciplined observation of science to the disciplined sympathy of criticism, tends to the elevation of human nature. But when we talk of elevating mankind we generally mean something more directly practical than this. And what is the moral somewhat that the University is, in the second place, specially summoned to supply? Of course every activity and every organisation has some kind of bearing on conduct; and I shall not weary you with an enumeration of the various modes in which University pursuits, like all other pursuits, have their conscious or unconscious or reflex action on character. What we have to consider is, whether the University has anything to give in this regard that cannot be attained so well or so fully elsewhere. Has it a distinctive contribution to make to the influences that go to form the good man and the good citizen? Ladies and gentlemen, I think that it has; and this was a point on which, if I may be allowed the reminiscence, in my own student days, the Principal of my old University failed not to insist. The members of a University form a society that, in some important respects, differs from most other societies in this workaday world, and differs from them in being more rational and ideal. The youth who compose it are held together by the similarity, that permeates all difference of detail, in their aims and methods. They are directly or indirectly equipping themselves for life by the enlightenment of their minds and the refinement of their understandings. And not only is there thus a oneness of spirit seldom found elsewhere; the bond of union is surely a peculiarly noble and

beautiful one. Neighbourhood, race, force, defence, gain have had a good deal to do with the formation of other communities; but in this the principle of combination is supplied by the intellect itself. There ought, therefore, to be, I rejoice to think that there is, among our undergraduates a sense of citizenship in no mean city, a high spirit of fellowship that comprehends and pervades their various groups, that is not hindered but fostered by their honourable rivalries, and that culminates between individuals in those University friendships which we, the University men of an older generation, can tell you are among the grand prizes of life. And in accordance with its *origin*, the *arrangements* of this society are more rational than those we find in the rough make-shifts of ordinary existence. The politics of the world are only gradually organising themselves by the rule of right reason. In them the possession of title or birth, of wealth and influence, of blatant impudence and unscrupulous push, accidents or irrelevances or veritable defects, often weighs heavily against the claims of real desert and ability. It is not so in the Platonic Republic of the University. It is a republic which one may call an artistocratic democracy. The career is open to everyone, and preeminence goes to the capable; merit is all in all. The student who does well will come to the front; the idle or incompetent will fall to the rear. Of course even here there are qualifications to be made. So far as academic distinctions are concerned, the test is for the prescribed studies and at a particular stage of mental growth. It no doubt occurs that the youth who has most in him does not always take a foremost place, because, for instance, his gifts demand another field, or because his mind is slower to mature. But in the particular thing at the particular time, the machinery of the University, allowing for the limitation of human faculty, does provide for the promotion of efficiency, and—which Huxley considered even more important—the demotion of inefficiency. And if it occasionally happens that the meritorious fails of his due in the lecture-room and the examination hall, there are the comitia out of doors, athletic, social, technical, literary, where, if he have it in him, he has the opportunity of “wielding at will our fierce democracy”.

Well, the whole constitution of our society seems to me more perfect than that of almost any other that could be named. One might without irreverence describe it as a *Civitas Dei*, the divine pattern to which other human societies slowly tend. And I cannot but believe that membership for three years or more in this ideal republic, which is founded on reason and right, must remain an inspiring and effective memory in later years, when our youth go forth as graduates to do

their part in perfecting the State, the Commonwealth, the Empire in fact, in which they are to live and work.

This aspect of the University is indeed so characteristic that from it the name is derived. The *Universitas* meant the *society*, the *community*, as though the circumstance of the fellowship between the members were the one essential thing. And yet it has another side, which is perhaps even more important still. When I was young, the original meaning of the word was generally forgotten, and it was popularly explained as referring to the universality of the knowledge which a University imparts. The gradual displacement of the old meaning by the new seems to me most significant; for, despite the derivation, this is the idea which in point of fact we associate with a University now. And observe, when we think of this universality, we do not mean a mere *omnium gatherum* of subjects, "a litter of facts", a "bazaar", or "cattle fair", to quote Newman's vigorous expressions in reproof of such a conception. We imply that there is a certain order and connection in the sum of the parts, so that together they form what Bacon finely calls a *globus intellectualis*, an intellectual world rounded and complete. This aspect of the University as a whole may not indeed be prominently before the consciousness of the individual student, who is working at a particular group of subjects or at a typical selection from several groups; but even such fractional studies imply it, and the sense of it is about him and above him. He only needs to stand up and look round, and it will be borne in on him at all hands.

And I do not know whether this special influence is more for the mind or for the heart, whether it makes more for culture or for conduct; but I am sure it is helpful to both. This ordered system, this hierarchy of universal knowledge and teaching, brings home to us the solidarity of the various departments of human existence: because the same principle, the same reason, the same inner necessity, underlies and interpenetrates them all, in some more externalised and therefore more demonstrable; in others, more pervasive, and therefore harder to grasp. It is present in the relations of space, number and motion; in the free mechanism of the heavens, and the applied mechanics of men. The physicist traces it in the processes of heat and light, of electricity and magnetism; and the chemist in the action of his elements and compounds. It has moulded the history of the world as revealed by geology, and works in the organic life of plant and animal. The same rational law inheres in the structure of the human body, and its behaviour in health and disease. In the human mind it appears identical yet different, and in all the objective creations of that mind, its speech,

its laws, its literature, its speculations; in their development in history; and in the history of the human race; and it reaches something like completion in the account that philosophy gives of itself. In short, the University, which is greater than all its members, greater than all its faculties, aims at giving a synoptic view of human knowledge. Doubtless it is far from doing so. It has many lacunae, and even in the departments which it recognises, the building is never finished, is often unfurnished, and even of temporary materials. Nevertheless, it is a witness to the totality of civilised man's view of the world, as that view is a witness to the totality of the world itself. With all its imperfections it testifies to the connection and completeness of that other greater *Universitas*, the All of which we are petty parts, yet of which it is our prerogative to form some conception. And we cannot say whether this great spectacle is more stimulating to the intellect or to the heart. To the intellect; for it furnishes an ideal, which we may, if we like, dedicate ourselves to following further in each special branch, without *losing* ourselves in special research or forgetting that it is only one degree in the scale of being. To the heart; for it brings home the insignificance of each of us, and yet his dignity in being privileged to conceive the whole, in which he is included, and even in a sense co-operate with its activity. Let me illustrate the sort of influence these considerations may have in enlightening the mind, refining the understanding, and elevating human nature, from the words of the old Elizabethan, who devoted his life to giving his countrymen an account of what Mr. Carnegie calls those "petty skirmishes of savages" which Homer described, and who, in his original work, was animated with the thought of that past which, we are told, only teaches us "what we should avoid". This is what the "religious and temperate" Chapman, in proud humility, deemed the sum "of all the discipline of manners and of manhood":

"A man to join himself with the Universe,
 In its main sway, and make (in all things fit)
 One with that All, and go on round as it,
 Not plucking from the whole his wretched part
 And into straits or into nought revert,
 Wishing the complete Universe might be
 Subject to such a rag of it as he:
 But to consider, great necessity
 All things, as well refract as voluntary,
 Reduceth to the prime celestial cause;
 Which he that yields to with a man's applause,
 And, cheek by cheek, goes crossing it no breath,
 But like God's image, follows to the death—
 That man is truly wise."

THE ETERNAL POSTULATE

["The human intellect can never fully reconcile the antagonism between What Is and What Ought To Be, any more than it is capable of completely fathoming the nature of either. Precisely on that account, the Reason unless it consents to abdicate, must and can do no otherwise than ascend to a final and supreme unity, in which all contradictions, including that between the True and the Good, are atoned; and that unity is God."]

I

A mighty angel-shape, whose Wings outspread
 Encompass each horizon with their span,
 Has marked my course ere first my days began
 And still bends over me his starry head.
 I know his eyes are bright, for thence is shed
 Down through the shades, the light by which I scan
 Some few dim shows of Nature and of Man:
 I know his brow is stern, his aspect dread:
 I know, yet never have beheld his face,
 Although his presence fills both Time and Space,
 And all men walk in that set gaze of his;
 But aye his awful words are in my ear
 That fain I hear, and fain I would not hear;
 "I am the Truth, the Truth of all that is."

2

Another Seraph-form, unseen but guessed,
 Beckons and hovers through the vapours bright
 That waft their incense to the Infinite
 Up from the flaming altar in man's breast:
 And she would bless me, even as she is blessed,
 Where will and wisdom matched with means and might;
 But on this earth she never may alight,
 Nor find a spot whereon her foot may rest.
 In wistful radiance, veiled with clouds of sighs,
 And human tears, that rise in sacrifice,
 A homeless wraith, she floats where none may see;
 And yet whatever mists her glory screen,
 She calls in tones that fit the rightful Queen;
 "I am the Good: I am what ought to be."

Then to these Shining Ones my heart made moan ;
 "Though weak and weary wits my vision bar
 So that I ne'er shall see you what you are,
Yet is my sorrow not for this alone ;
Nay, but for this, that were ye fully known,
 We still should find the Truth and Good ajar,
 Except ye dwell in regions sundered far :
And who can bridge the gulf, the strife atone ?"
When, lo, these two, before my grief made end,
Began to shift, to change, in One to blend,
 In One who stirs and lives in soul and sod :
And one deep spirit voice breathed forth the strain :
"I, True and Good, reveal myself as twain :
 I am What Is, and Should Be : I am God."